

Comical Revenge

OR

LOVE

IN A

TUB.

As it is now Acted

At Her Majesty's Theatre.

By Sir George Esbrough.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by J. B. Esbrough, at the Theatre, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, and at the Theatre, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, and at the Theatre, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

THE
Comical Revenge

OR

THE LOVE

IN A

THEATRE

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By Sir George Hanger

LONDON

Printed by J. Smith, at the Theatre, in the Strand, near the Temple Church.
1730.

The Epistle Dedicatory

~~The Epistle Dedicatory~~

~~I hope it may be some~~

~~some of your friends~~

~~to the~~

~~Right Honourable~~

~~CHARLES~~

~~EARL of~~

~~DORSET and MIDDLESEX,~~

~~Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household,~~

~~Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and one of their~~

~~Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council~~

~~My Lord,~~

~~I~~

~~Could not have wish'd my self more fortunate than I have been in the success of this~~

~~My Lord, The Writing of it was a means to~~

~~make me known to your Lordship; The Acting~~

~~of it has lost me no Reputation; And the Printing~~

~~of it has given me an Opportunity to~~

~~show how much I love you.~~

~~I have long since dedi-~~

~~cated~~

~~A 2~~

~~UMI~~

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I have dedicated my self, to your Lordship: Let the humble
 Love of the Giver make you set some value
 upon the worthless Gift: I hope it may have
 some esteem with others, because the Author
 knows how to esteem you, whose Knowledge
 moves admiration, and Goodness love, in all
 that know you. But I design this a Dedication,
 not a Panegyrick; not to proclaim your Virtues
 to the World, but to shew your Lordship how
 firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My Lord,

Your most humble

and Faithful Servant,

Geo. Etherege

Personæ Dramatis.

<p>THE Lord Bevil, <i>The Lord Beaufort,</i> Colonel Bruce,</p> <p>Louis, Sir Frederick Frollick, Graciana,</p> <p>Aurelia, Mrs. Rich,</p> <p>Leticia, Betty, Dufoy,</p> <p>Clark, Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle and Palmer, Mrs. Grace, Jenny, Mrs. Lucy. <i>A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.</i> <i>A Bell-man.</i> <i>Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.</i></p>	<p>Father to <i>Louis, Graciana</i> and <i>Aurelia</i>. Servant to <i>Graciana</i>. A Cavalier, Friend to <i>Louis</i>, in love with <i>Graciana</i>. Friend to <i>Bruce</i>. Cousin to the Lord <i>Beaufort</i>. A young Lady, in love with the Lord <i>Beaufort</i>. Her Sister in love with Col. <i>Bruce</i>. A wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord <i>Bevill</i>, in love with Sir <i>Frederick</i>. A Girl, waiting upon <i>Aurelia</i>. Waiting-woman to the Widow. A saucy impertinent French-man, Servant to Sir <i>Frederick</i>. Servant to the Lord <i>Beaufort</i>. Knighted by <i>Oliver</i>. Gamesters. A Wench kept by <i>Wheadle</i>. Her Maid. A Wench kept by Sir <i>Frederick</i>.</p>
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THE

III

THE PROLOGUE.

WH O could expect such crowding here to day,
 Meerly on the report of a new Play?
 A Man would think it were been so often bit
 By us of late, you shoud have learn'd more wit,
 And first have sent a Forlorn Hope to spy
 The Plot and Language of our Comedy:
 Expecting still some desperate Gricks had
 Rask'd you whether it were good or bad:
 But yet we hope you'll never grow so wise;
 For if you shoud, we and our Comedies
 Must strip to Norwich, or for Ireland go,
 And never see such like a Puppet-show,
 Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
 Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
 For such our Fortune is this barren Age,
 That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage:
 Wit has, like Painting, had her happy flights,
 And in poetical Age reach'd her highest heights,
 Though now declin'd; yet could some able Pen
 Match Fletcher's Nature, on the Art of Ben,
 The Old and Graver sort would scarce allow
 Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
 Our Author therefore begs you would forgive
 Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,
 And only think upon the modern way
 Of writing, whilst y^e are censuring his Play.
 And Gallants, as for you, talk loud iⁿ th^e Pit,
 Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit;
 Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play,
 Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.

THE

THE Comical Revenge;

OR,

LOVE in a TUB.

SCENE II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene, An Anti-Chamber to Sir Frederick
Frolick's Bed-Chamber.

*Enter Dufoy, with a Plaster on his head, walking discontentedly;
and Clark immediately after him.*

Clark, Good-morrow, Monsieur.
Dufoy, Good-mor' — Good mor'.
Clark, Is Sir Fredrick stirring?
Dufoy, Pas lestré him.
Clark, My Lord has sent me —
Dufoy, Begar me vil havé de revenge, me vil no

Stay two day in England.

Clark, Good Monsieur, what's the matter?

Dufoy, De matrè! de matrè is easie to be perceive;
Dis Bedlamé, Mad-capé, diable de matrè, vas
Drunké de last night; and vor no reason, but dat
Me did advinsé him to go to Bed, Begar, he did

Strike

LOVE IN A WOOD

Strike, break my head, Jerule.

Clark. Have patience, he did te unwisely.

Dufy. Unadvised! did not me advise him
Just when he did it?

Clark. Yes; but he was in drink you say.

Duf. In drink; me wish he had been over de head
And de ear in drink; Begar in drink
Drink dat van man drink does not crack de
Noder Man's braine. Hark!

He is awake, and none of the people are
To attend him: Ian Villian day are all gone, run
To the Diab!; have de patience, I beseech you.

[*Sir Fred. knocks.*]

[*Knocks again.*]

[*Pointing towards his Master's Chamber.*]

Clark. Acquaint Sir Frederick, I am here from my Lord.

Duf. I vil, I vil; your veniable Serviteur.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick in his night-gown; and after him Dufoy.

Dufy. Good mor; good-mor, to your Vorshippé; me am alway
Ready to serve you Vorshippé; and your Vorshippé's
Alway ready to beate and to abuse me; you were drunké

De last night, and my head ake to day morninge;

Set you here if my braine have no ver good raison

To counsel you, and to mind your business.

[*Shewing his head.*]

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable braine.

Set me down a Crown for a

Plaister; but forbear your rebukes.

Duf. 'Tis ver couragious ting to break de head of your

Serviteur, is it not? Begar you vil never keep

De good Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel.

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'lt me.

Duf. And therefore you do beate me, is dat de raison?

Sir Fred. Prothee forbear, I am sorry for't.

Duf. Ver good satisfaction! Begar it is me dat am sorry for't.

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Duf. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin

Be come, speak vid you,

Sir Fred. Bring him in.

I am of opinion that drunkenness is not so

damnable a sin to me as 'tis to many; Sorrow

And

And Repentance here sure to be my first Work
The next Morning : 'slid, I have known some
So lucky at this Recreation, that, whereas 'tis
Familiar to forget what we do in drink,
Have even lost the memory after Sleep, of being drunk :
Now do I feel more Qualms,
Than a young Woman in Breeding.

Enter Dufoy and Clark. [*Dufoy goes out again.*]

Clark. What News from the God of Love?

He's always at your Master's Elbow ;
H'as jostl'd the Devil out of Service ; no more !
Mrs. Grace ! Poor Girl, Mrs. Graciana has stung
A Squibb into his Bosome, where the Wild fire will
Huzzée for a time, and then crack,
It flies out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he sent me before with his Service ;
He'll wait on you himself when he's dress'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time ;
There never was a Girl more humourfome,
Nor tedious in the Dressing of her Baby.

Enter Dufoy, and Foot-Boy.

Dufoy. Hayé ! Heré is de ver fine varké,
Begar, de ver vine Varké !
Sir Fred. What's the Business ?

Dufoy. De Business ! De Diver take mé if dare be not
De whole Regiment Army de Hackenè Cocheman,
De Link Boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber Mayde,
Dat have befeegé de Howsé ; dis is de consequence
Of de Drink, vid a Poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, The Coach-men and Link-boys must be
Satisfy'd, I suppose there's Money due to 'em,
The Fidlers, for broken Heads and Instruments,
Must be compounded with ; I leave that to your Care :
But for the Chamber-maid, I'll deal with her my self ;
Go, go, fetch her up.

Dufoy. De Pimpé, begar, I vil be de Pimpé to no Man
In de Christendomé ; do you go fetch her up ;
De Pimpé

Sir Fred. Go, Sirrah, direct her. [*to the Foot-boy.*]
Now have I most unmanfully fallen foul upon some
Woman, I'll warrant you, and wounded her
Reputation shrewdly : Oh Drink ! Drink !
Thou art a vile Enemy to the civillest sort of
Courteous Ladies.

THE MARRIAGE

Enter Jenny, who has been in the House.

Oh Jenny, next my Heart nothing could be more welcome.

Maid. Unhand me;

Are you a Man fit to be trusted with a Woman's Reputation?

Sir Fred. Not when I am in a reeling Condition; Men are now and then subject to those infirmities.

In Drink, which Women have when they are sober. Drunkenness is no good Secretary, Jenny.

You must not look too angry, good Faith, you must not.

Maid. Angry! We always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am, if I roth, I think.

Maid. A civil Gentleman will

Come to a Ladies Lodging at two a Clock

In the Morning, and knock as if it were upon Life and Death; a Midwife never was knock'd up

With more Fury!

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, All's well, I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made such an Illipse amongst Our Neighbours, we must be forc'd to change

Our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me ~~whither~~ Kind Heart!

Maid. I'll see you a little better manner'd first.

Because we would not let you in at that unreasonable Hour.

You, and your rude ranting Companions

Hoop'd and hollow'd like Mad-men,

And roar'd out in the Streets,

A Where. A Where. A Where, you need not

Have knock'd good People out of their Beds,

You might have met with them had been

Good enough for your Purpose abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done, Jenny, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a Mercy, Mr. Whoodle was not there.

My Mistress's Friend, had he been there, had been quite undone.

There's nothing got by your loud Doings; you are

Put Standish to a civil Woman: We had so much

The good Will of the Neighbours before, we had

Credit for what we wou'd; and terrible Morning

The Chandler refus'd to score a Quoth of Scavenger's

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation among a Company of Rascals.

Trust me not, if thou art not grown a most wondrous peevy

Maid. Stand off, or I protest I'll make the People

In

LOVE IN A TWE

In your Lodging to know what manner of Man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate Acquaintance; why so coy now, *Jenny*?

Maid. Pray forbear: — You'll never leave till I shriek out; — Your Servants listen, hark — there's some body coming. [Noise within.]

My Mistress charg'd me to tell you she will Never see your Eyes again; she never deserv'd

This at your hands, — poor Gentlewoman! — You had a Fling at me too, you did not whisper it, I thank you: —

'Tis a miserable Condition we Women bring our selves to for your sakes. [Cries.]

Beauf. How now *Cofin*? what's at wars with the Women? *Sir Fred.* I gave a small alarm to their Quarters

Last night, my Lord. *Beauf.* *Jenny* in tears? what's the Occasion, poor Girl?

Maid. I'll tell you, my Lord. *Sir Fred.* Buzz; Set not her tongue a going again; [Clapping his hand upon his mouth.]

Sh'as made more noise than half a dozen Paper mills: London-bridge at a low water is silence to her;

In a word, rambling last night, We knockt at her Mistress's Lodging,

They deny'd us entrance; whereupon, A harsh word or two flew out, *Where* — I think,

Or something to that purpose! *Maid.* These were not all your Heroick Actions;

Pray tell the Consequence, how you march'd bravely At the Rear of an Army of Link-boys;

Upon the sudden, how you gave defiance, And then wag'd a boody War with the Constable;

And having vanquish'd that dreadful Enemy, How you committed a general Massacre,

On the Glass Windows: Are not these Most honourable Atchievements, such as will be registr'd,

To your eternal Fame, by the most learn'd Historians of *Hick's Hall*?

Sir Fred. Good sweet *Jenny*, let's come to a Treaty; Do but hear what Articles I'll propose.

Maid. A Woman's Heart's too tender to be an Enemy To Peace. *Dufey.* Your most humble Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame; You

LOVE in a TUB.

You are an excellent Governour indeed.

Dufey. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé?

Notingé but Bedlamé, can governé himé.

Sir Fred. Jenny, here's my hand; I'll come,

And make amends for all — pretty Rogue.

Dufey. Ver pret Roguécé, Vid a poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here?

Dufey. Rascalé! Begar ver it nod vor de reverence of my Matré,

I vod cut off your Occupation. French Rascalé!

Whore English —

Sir Fred. *Dufey*, be gone and leave us.

Dufey. I vil, I vil leave you to your Recreation;

I vish you ver good Pastimé, and de Poxé.

Begar. [Exit *Dufey*.

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow. — *Sir Frederick*,

You will not fail the time.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Jenny*.

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel, *Jenny*. [Exit *Jenny*.

Sir Fred. Now did all this Fary end in a mild

Invitation to the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this Wenches Mistress,

Ever since I came from Travel,

But never was acquainted with that Fellow that keeps her.

Prithee, what is he?

Sir Fred. Why his name is *Wheaddle*; he's one whose trade is Treachery,

To make a Friend and then deceive him;

He's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation,

Thoroughly skill'd in Men; In a word,

He knows so much of Virtue, as makes him

Well accomplish'd for all manner of Vice;

He has lately infusated himself into

Sir Nick's Culley, one whom *Oliver*,

For the transcendent Knavery and Disloyalty

Of his Father, has dishonour'd with Knight-hood;

A Fellow, as poor in Experience, as in Parts,

And one that has a vain-glorious Humour,

To gain a Reputation amongst the Gentry, by feigning good nature,

And an affection to the King, and his Party.

I made a little debauch, th' other day, in their Company,

Where I foresaw this Fellow's Destiny, his Purse must pay for

Keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheaddle's* Extravagances.

But pray, my Lord,

How

7

UMI

How thrive you in your more honourable Adventures?
Is Harvest near? When is the Sickle
To be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto so prosperous,
My Happiness has still out-shown my Faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Graciana's fix'd i'th' Circle of my Arms.

Sir Fred. Then y'are a happy Man for a season.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I mistrust your Mistresses Divinity;
You'll find her Attributes but Mortal:
Women, like Juglers Tricks,
Appear Miracles to the Ignorant; but in themselves,
Th'are mere Cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Cousin, I have engag'd that you, this day,
Shall be my Guest at my Lord *Bevil's* Table;
Pray make me Master of my Promise once.

Sir Fred. 'Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear *Lacy*,
Poor Girl, I have lately given her Occasion
To suspect my kindness; yet, for your sake,
I'll venture to break my Word,
Upon condition you'll excuse my Errours;
You know my Conversation
Has not been amongst ceremonious
Ladies.

Beauf. All modest Freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is banish'd thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear
With all the Inconveniencies of honest Company.

Beauf. The freeness of your Humour is your Friend.
I have such news to tell thee, that, I fear,
Thou'lt find thy Breast too narrow for thy Joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, lest I find the thing too
Little for my Expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careless Carriage has done more
Than all the Skill and diligence of Love
Could e're effect.

Sir Fred. What? the VVidow has some kind thoughts of my Body?

Beauf. She loves you, and dines on purpose at her Brother's house
This day, in hopes of seeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women like Fishes despise the Bait,
Or else suspect it, whilst it's hobbing at
Their Mouths; but subtilly wav'd by the Angler's hand,
Greedyly hang themselves upon the Hook.

There

LOVE in a TUNE

There are many so critically wise,
They'll suffer none to deceive them but themselves.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Willtest.

Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my Fortune, I'll about it.

Widow thy Ruine lye upon thine own head:

Faith, my Lord you can witness,

'Twas none of my seeking.

SCENE III.

Scene Whead's Lodging.

Enter Wheadle and Palmer.

Whead. Come, bear thy Losses patiently.

Palm. A Fox confound all Ordinaries.

If ever I play at an Ordinary agen ——— *[Bites his Thumb.]*

Whead. Thou'lt lose thy Money:

Thou hast no power to forbear;

I will as soon undertake to reclaim a Horse

From a Hitch he has learn'd in his Face,

Or an old Mastive from worrying of Sheep.

Palm. Ay, ay, there's nothing can do it but Hemp.

Whead. Want of Money may do much.

Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious

Than owe my Virtue to Necessity.

How commendable is Chastity in an Eunuch

I am grown more than half virtuous, of late:

I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside,

I walk within the Purlicus of the Law.

Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,

I were the most accomplisht Man in the Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity thou art Master of thy Art;

Such a nimble Hand, such neat Conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler, 'twould.

Whead. Come, Be cheerful,

I've lodg'd a Deer shall make amends for all;

I lack'd a Man to helpe me set my Toyls,

And thou art come most happily.

Palm. My dear Wheadle, who is it?

Whead. My new Friend, and Patron,

Sir Nicholas Cully.

Palm. He's fat, and will say well, I protest you

Well I'll do his business most dextrously,

Else let me ever lose the Honour.

OF

LOVE in the

9

Of serving a Friend in the like Nature.

Whead. No more Words, but haste, prepare for the Design;

Habit your self like a good thrifty Countrey-man;

Get Tools, Dice and Money for the Purpose,

And meet me at the Devil about Three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir Nicholas Cully is without.

Whead. Desire him to walk in.

Here, *Palmer*, the back Way, quickly, and be sure.

Palm. Enough, enough, I'll warrant thee.

[*Ex. Palm.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir Nicholas, this Visit is too great a Favour:

I intended one to you;

How do you find your self this Morning?

Cul. Faith, Much the dryer for the last nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty Earth which gapes the more

For a small Shower;

We'll soak you thoroughly to day.

Cul. Excuse me, Faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am sorry for't;

I meant you a share in my good Fortune:

But since it cannot be

Cul. What? What good Fortune?

Whead. Nay, 'twill but vex you to know it,

Since you have not leisure to pursue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, prithee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want Power to keep it from you.

Just as you came in at that Door,

Went out at this a Waiting Gentlewoman,

Sent with a civil Message from her Lady,

To desire the Happiness of my Company

This Afternoon, where I should have the

Opportunity of seeing another lovely brisk Woman,

Newly married to a foolish Citizen,

Who will be apt enough to hear Reason,

From one that can speak is better than her Husband;

I return'd my humble Thanks for the Honour she did me;

And that I could not do my self so great an Injury,

To disobey her Will;

This is the Adventure;

But since y^e are Bus'ness

Cul. A Pox on Bus'ness. I'll defer't.

Whead. By no means, for a silly Woman;

Our Pleasures must be Slaves to our Affairs.

Cul.

Cul. Were it to take Possession of an Estate, I'd neglect it.
Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whead. Oh most Loyal-hearted Ladies!

Cul. How merry will we be then!

Whead. I say, mind your Bus'ness.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately.

Where shall I meet you in the Afternoon?

Whead. You'll find me at the Devil about Three

A Clock, where I expect a second Summons as

She passes toward the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail;

Be sure you wait for me

Cul. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouse

She intends to play with, and then prey upon,

How eagerly did this half-witted Fellow chap

Up the Bait? Like a ravenous Fish, that will

Not give the Angler leave to sink his Line,

But greedily darts up and meets it half way.

[*Ex. Colly.*]

[*Ex. Laughing.*]

SCENE IV.

Scene the Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Graciana, and Aurelia immediately after her, with a

Letter in her Hand.

Grac. The Sun's grown lazy; 'tis a tedious space

Since he set forth, and yet's not half his Race.

I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear;

Love never loyters. Love sure brings him here.

Aur. Brought on the Wings of Love, here I present [*Presenting the Letter.*]

His Soul, whose Body Prisons yet prevent;

The Noble *Bruce*, whose Vertues are his Crimes [*Grac. rejects the Letter.*]

Are you as false and cruel as the Times!

Will you not read the Stories of his Grief?

But wilfully refuse to give Relief?

Grac. Sister, from you this Language makes me start:

Can you suspect such Vices in my Heart?

His Vertues, I, as well as you, admire;

I never scorn'd, but pity much his Fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you would not reject [*Grac. rejects the Letter again.*]

This Messenger of Love: This is Neglect.

Grac. 'Tis Cruelty to gaze on Wounds, I'm sure,

When we want Balsome to effect their Cure.

Aur.

LOVE in a TUB.

II

Aur. 'Tis only want of will in you, you have Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.

Grac. VVe of our selves can neither love nor hate; Heav'n does reserve the pow'r to guide our Fate.

Aurel. Graciana, — Enter Lord Bevil, Lovis, and the Widow.

Grac. Sister, forbear; my Father's here.

L. Bev. So Girl; what, no news of your Lover yet?

Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid

He will go nigh to incur the Cooks anger.

Wid. I believe h'as undertook a hard task;

Sir Frederick, they say, is no easie man

To be perswaded to come among us women.

Lov. Sir. [Lovis and Lord Bevil whisper.

L. Bevil. VVhat now?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl: I long to see Sir Frederick here. [To Graciana.

L. Bev. Forbear, I charge you on my blessing:

Not one word more of Colonel Bruce.

Lovis. You gave encouragement, Sir, to his Love;

The honour of our House now lies at stake.

L. Bev. You find by your Sisters inclinations

Heaven has decreed her otherwise.

Lovis. But Sir, —

L. Bev. Forbear to speak, or else forbear the Room.

Lovis. This I can obey, but not the other. [Exit Lovis.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord Beaufort's come.

L. Bev. 'Tis well.

Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen?

Foot-b. Yes, Madam, there is another proper handsom

Gentleman. [Exit Foot-boy.

L. Bev. Come, let's walk in, and give them entertainment.

Wid. Now Cousin, for Sir Frederick, this man of men,

There's nothing like him. [Exeunt all but Aurelia.

Aur. VVith curious diligence I still have strove. [Holding the Letter in

During your absence, Bruce, to breathe your Love

Into my Sisters bosom; But the fire

VVants force; Fate does against my breath conspire.

I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,

Against my self, the dictates of your VVill;

My Love to yours do's yield; since you enjoyn'd

I hourly court my Rival to be kind

VVith Passion too, as great as you can do,

Taught by those wounds I have receiv'd from you.

C

Small

Small is the difference that's between our grief;
 Yours finds no cure, and mine seeks no relief.
 You unsuccessfully your Love reveal;
 And I for ever must my Love conceal:
 Within my bosom I'll your Letter wear, [Putting the Letter in her bosom.
 It is a Tomb that's proper for despair. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Clark and Dufoy.

Clark. **M**ethinks the wound your Master gave you
 Last night, makes you look very thin and
 Wan, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Begar you are mistake, it be de wounde
 Dat my Metresse did give me long ago.

Clark. VVhat? some pretty little English Lady's
 Crept into your heart?

Dufoy. No, but damen'd little English VVhore is crept
 Into my bone begar, me could wish dat de
 Diable would take her vid alle my harté.

Clark. You have manag'd your business ill, Mounseieur.

Dufoy. It vas de Raskal Cyrough English dat did
 Manage de business ill; me did putte my
 Business into his haunde; he did stop de
 Tapé, and de liquor did varké, varké, varké,
 Up into de headé and de shoulder begar.

Clark. Like soap clapp'd under a Saddle.

Dufoy. Here come my Matré; holdé your peace.

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow, and Maid.

Sir Fred. VVhither, whither do ye draw me, VVidow;
 VVhat's your design?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then
 Repose in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. VVidow, I dare not venture my self in those amorous
 Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love
 I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be trusted
 VVith such conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly
 Conceited; is it your VVit of your Person, Sir,
 That is so taking?

Sir

Sir Fred. Truly you are much mistaken, I have no
Such great thoughts of the young man you
See; who ever knew a VVoman have so much
Reason to build her love upon merit?
Have we not daily experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themselves into the arms
Of vain idle Fellows? Can you blame me then
For standing upon my guard? No, let us
Sit down here, have each on's a Bottle of VVine
At our elbows; so prompted, I dare enter into
Discourse with you.

Wid. VVou'd you have me sit
And drink hand to fist with you, as if we were
In the *Fleece*, or some other of your beloved
Taverns?

Sir Fred. Faith I wou'd have thee come as near
As possible to something or other I have
Been us'd to converse with, that I may
The better know how to entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to
Converse with, could you fancy me to
Look like? be merry, and tell me.

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a sin to compare thee
To any of them; and yet th'ast so incens'd
Me, I can hardly forbear to wish thee one
Of 'em. Ho, *Dufey*!

VVidow, I stand in awe of this Gentleman;
I must have his advice before I dare
Keep you Company any further. — How do
You approve the spending of my time
VVith this Lady?

Dufey. Vervel, Begar;
I could wish I had never spend my time in de
Vorfe compaignie.

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur; have
You been sick lately?

Dufey. I have de ver great affliction in my mind,
Madam.

Wid. VVhat is't?

Dufey. Truly I have de ver great passion vor dis
Jentel woman, and she have no compassion
At all vor me; she do refuse me all my
Amouré and my adressé.

Wid. Indeed *Berry* you are too blame.

LOVE in a TUB.

Maid. Out upon him for a French dissembler,
He never spake to me in his life, Madam.

Dufoy. You see, Madam, she scorn'd me vor
Her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French
Lové to mé?

Dufoy. It vil breké my hearté to remember de
Time ven you did refusé mé?

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this
Business, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Madam, it be d' honour vor de King dé
France.

Wid. Betty, whither run you?

Maid. I'll not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking

Valet-de-Chambé: I'll be reveng'd

If I live, Monsieur.

Wid. I'll take some other time.

Dufoy. Van you have de leifuré, Madam?

Sir Fred. By those lips, —

Wid. Nay pray forbear, Sir:

Sir Fred. Who's conceited now, Widow? could

You imagine I was so fond to kiss them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on

My guard so near an Enemy.

Sir Fred. If you are so good at that, Widow,

Let's see, what guard wou'd you chuse to be at,

Shou'd the Trumpet found a Charge

To this dreadful Foe?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experienc'd

Souldiers; but if we ever have a War,

We'll never trouble the Trumpet; the

Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir Fred. It will be most proper; they shall be

Rung backwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir?

Sir Fred. I'll have all the helps that may be to

Alay a dangerous fire; Widows must

Needs have furious flames; the Bellows

Have been at work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my

Humour, a walk i' th' Garden; and afterwards

We'll take the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us join hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parson.

LOVE in a TUB

I do not fear it, Sir.

[Ex. Sir Fred. and Will.

Dufoy. Begar, I do not care two Soulz if de
Shamber-maid ver hangé; be it not
Great deal better pretendé d' affection to
Her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take
De Medicine vor de clapé ? begar it
Be de ver great deale better.

[Ex. Dufoy,

SCENE II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas ! would prove
But my destruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognosticating ruine and despair.

Grac. Sir, you mistake ; 'tis not my Love I blame,
But my Discretion ; * Here the active flame
Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd, [* Pointing to her Breast.
Too soon, too soon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprise,
We boast the sudden Conquests of our Eyes ;
But men esteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart ; the Victories they gain
They prize by their own hazard and their pain.

Beauf. Graciana, can you think we take delight
To have our happiness against us fight ;
Or that such goodness thou'd us men displease
As do's afford us Heav'n with greater ease ?

[Enter Lovis, walking discontentedly.

See where your Brother comes ; his
Carriage has been strange of late to me ;
I never gave him cause of discontent ;
He takes no notice of our being here :
I will salute him.

Grac. By no means ;
Some serious thoughts you see employ his mind.

Beauf. I must be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

Lou. You are my Sisters Servant, Sir ; go fawn
Upon your Mistress ; Fare-you-well.

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.

[Ex. Lovis.

Heavens !

LOVE is a FAD.

Heavens! what is the matter?

[Grac. weeps.]

VVhat saucy sorrow dares approach your heart?

VVaste not these precious Tears; Oh, weep no more,

Shou'd Heav'n frown, the world wou'd be too poor,

(Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your eyes)

To pay for mercy one fit Sacrifice.

* *Grac.* My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.

Beauf. Your Brother is a man whose noble Mind

VVas to severest Virtue still inclin'd,

He in the School of Honour has been bred,

And all her subtle Laws with heed has read:

There is some hidden cause, I fain would know

From whence these strange disorders in him flow

Graciana, shall I beg you to dispel

These Mists which round my troubl'd Reason dwell.

Grac. It is a Story I cou'd with you'd learn

From one whom it does not so much concern;

I am th' unhappy cause of what y've seen;

My Brother's Passion does proceed from mine.

Beauf. This does confound me more; it cannot be;

You are the joy of all your Family:

Dares he condemn you for a noble love,

VVhich honour and your duty both approve.

Grac. My Lord, those errors merit but excuse

VVhich an access of virtue does produce.

Beauf. I know that envy is too base a guest

To have a lodging in his generous breast;

'Tis some extrem of Honour, or of Love,

Or both, that thus his indignation move.

Grac. E're I begin, you my sad story end;

You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.

Beauf. *Graciana*, though you have so great a share

Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are;

Yet during this small space I did proclaim,

To you, and to the world, my pater flame,

I never saw the Man that durst draw near,

VVith his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.

VVhat providence has kept us thus asunder?

Grac. VVhen I have spoke you'll find it is no wonder.

He has a Mistress more renown'd than me,

VVhom he does Court, his dearest Loyalty;

He on his legs does now her favours wait,

He is confid'd by her soul Rayther:

You may not know his Person; but his Name

Is strange to none that have convers'd with Fame :

'Tis Bruce.

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne're did see,
But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd;

But his Heroick Virtues so improv'd

In time those seeds of Love which first were sown,

That to the highest Friendship they are grown.

This Friendship first, and not his Love to me,

Sought an Alliance with our Family.

My Sister and my self were newly come

From learning how to live, to live at home;

VVhen barren of discourse one day, and free

VVith's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me;

Unlucky accident! his Friend reply'd;

He long had wish'd their Blood might be ally'd;

Then press'd him that they might my Father move

To give an approbation to his Love:

His Person and his merits were so great,

He granted faster than they could entreat;

He wish'd the Fates that govern hearts wou'd be

So kind to him to make our hearts agree,

But told them he had made a sacred Vow,

Never to force what Love should disallow.

[Enter Sir Frederick and Widow]

But see, Sir Frederick and my Aunt.

My Lord, some other time I will relate

The story of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir Fred. How now my Lord? so grave a countenance

In the presence of your Mistress?

Widow what wou'd you give

Your eyes had power to make me such

Another melancholly Gentleman?

Wid. I have seen e'ne as merry a man as

Your self, Sir Frederick, brought to stand

VVith folded arms, and with a tristful look

Tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[Enter a Foot-boy, and whispers Sir Frederick]

Sir Fred. The Devil owes some men a shame;

The Coach is ready; VVidow, I know

You are ambitious to be seen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Cousin, will you honour

Me with yours to the Park; that may take off the

Scandal of his?

Enter Aurelia and Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'll wait upon you;
But we must not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Cousin Aurelia —

Aurel. Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and
You, my Lord; I feel a little indisposition,
And dare not venture into so sharp an
Air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam. *[Exeunt all but Aurelia and Leticia.]*

Aurel. Retire; I wou'd not have you stay with me,
I have too great a train of misery;
If virtuous Love in none be cause of shame,
Why shou'd it be a crime to own the flame?
But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
Must in the beaten paths of Honour tread.
I love thee Bruce; but Heav'n, what have I done!

Leticia, did I not command you hence?

Letic. Madam, I hope my care is no offence:
I am afflicted thus to see you take
Delight to keep your miseries awake.

Aurel. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true;
Leticia, none must know I love but you.

Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this smart;
Love once was busie with my tender heart.

Aurel. Wert thou in love?

Letic. I was.

Aurel. Prethee, with whom?

Letic. With one that like my self did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his years. *[She weeps.]*

Aurel. *Leticia,* you confirm me by your tears;
Now I believ'd you lov'd; did he love you?

Letic. That had been more than to my Love was due;
He was so much above my humble Birth,
My Passion had been fitter for his Mirth.

Aurel. And does your Love continue still the same?

Letic. Some sparks remain, but time has quencht the flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure

These greater griefs which (Madam) you endure.

Aurel. Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief;
Death there must heal the fatal wounds of grief.

Leticia, come, within this shady Bower

We'll join our mournful Voices, and repeat

The saddest tales we ever learn'd of Love.

Aurelia

Aurelia and Leticia walk into an Arbour, and sing this Song in Parts.

SONG.

When Phillis watch'd her harmless Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a Prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly Heart did go astray:
Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left her tender Flock to rove,
And to the Winds did breathe her Love.

She sought in vain
To ease her Pain;
The heedless Winds did fan her Fire;
Venting her Grief
Gave no Relief;

But rather did increase Desire.
Then sitting with her Arms a-cross;
Her Sorrows streaming from each Eye;
She fixt her Thoughts upon her Loss,
And in Despair resolv'd to dye.

Aurel. Why should you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing? *[Walking out of the Arbour.]*
Tell me, from whence those gentle Currents spring?
Can yet your faded Love cause such Fresh Showers?
This Water is too good for dying Flowers.

Letic. Madam, it is such Love commands this Dew,
As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.

Aurel. *Leticia*, I am weary of this place;

And yet I know not whither I should go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep?
That may deceive you of your cares a while.

Aurel. I will: there's nothing here does give me ease,
But in the End will nourish my Disease.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, and immediately after him a Foot-Boy.

Whead. The Hour is come;
Where's your Master, Sirrah?

Foot-B. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

D

Whead.

LOVE IN A TWO.

Whead. Is he neatly dress'd?
Boy. In the very best he wore the other day.
Of the Buckingham-shire Grafter.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it to
VVhen you perceive me talking with
Sir Nicholas Cully, with Recommendations from a Lady;
Lurk in some secret Place till he's come,
That he may not perceive you at his Entrance;
Oh here's Palmer.
Thom, what's the Price of a Score of fat
VVeathers?

Palm. Do they not well become me, *Boy?*
Whead. Nature doubtless intended thee for a *Rogue*.
She has so well contrived thee for Disguise.
Here comes Sir Nicholas.
Sir Nicholas, Come, come; this is an honest Friend
And Country man of mine.
Sir Nich. Your Servant, Sir; *Is not the Lady come by yet?*
Whead. I expect her every moment. *Ho, here's her Boy.*
Well, what News?
Boy. My Lady presents her Service to you, Sir,
And has sent you this.

[Delivers a Letter.]
[Wheadle reads, and seems much displeas'd.]
Sir Nich. What is the matter, Man?
Whead. Read, read; I want Patience to tell you. *Thom Cully, the Letter*
Fortune still jades me in all my Expectations;
Sir Nich. reading the Letter. *The Queen's Will forc'd*
To go to Greenwich with her Husband;
Will meet some time next Week.
Come, come, Wheadle, another time will do;
Be not so passionate, Man!
Whead. I must abuse my Friend upon an idle
Woman's VVords!
Sir Nich. Pish, 'tis an Accident: *Come, let us*
Drink a Glass of Wine, to put these Women
Out of our Heads.

SCENE III

Palm. Women? Ho Boys, Women, where are the Women?
Whead. Here's your merry Country-man

Palmer sings.

He took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his Back;
But as he wound her to him,
The Apron-strings did break.

Enter

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Sir Nich. A merry man indeed, Sir, my Service to you. *[Drinks to Pal.]*

Palm. Thank you, Sir. Come Mr. *Wheadle*, remembering My Land-lord, i' faith; wou'd he were e'en among us now. Come, be merry man. * *Lead me your hand, Sir; you* *[* To Sir Nich.]* Look like an honest man; here's a good health to all That are so: *Tope* — here pledge me. *[Drinks.]*

[Gives Sir Nicholas the Glass.]

Sir Nich. Mr. *Wheadle*, to you *[Drinks and leaves some in the Glass.]*

Palm. I'll not abate you an ace. 'Slid, y' are not So honest as I took you for. *[Sir Nicholas drinks up the rest.]*

Palmer Sings.

*If any man haule his Liquor,
Let him never baulk the Gallows,
But sing a Psalm there wi' the Vicar,
Or die in a dirty Ale-house.*

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below Desires to speak with his Master *Palmer*.

Palm. So, so, thank thee Lad; it is my man. I appointed him to call here, h'as sold the Cattle; I warrant you: I'll wait on you again presently, Gentlemen. *[Exit Palmer.]*

Whead. Is not this a very pleasant Fellow?

Sir Nich. The pleasantest I ever met with; what is he?

Whead. He's a *Buckinghamshire* Graziér, very rich; He has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale: I met him here by chance, and could not avoid Drinking a Glass o' Wine with him. I believe, He's gone down to receive Money; 'Twere an excellent design to bubble him.

Sir Nich. How 'twou'd change his merry Note; Will you try him?

Whead. Do you; I cannot appear in't, Because he takes me for his Friend.

Sir Nich. How neatly I could top upon him!

Whead. All things will pass upon him; I'll go your half: Talk of *Money*; You'll perceive if he's coming. What Money have you about you?

Sir Nich. Ten Pieces.

Whead. I have about that quantity too, here, take it,

If he should run us out of our ready Money,

Be sure you set him deep upon Tick,

If he'll be at you, that we may recover it;

For we'll not pay a Farthing of what we lose that way,

Hush, here he comes!

Enter Palmer with a Bag of Money under his Arm, and flings it upon the Table.

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted to this, Gentlemen.

Whead. Their Grease is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, for all your Riches,
You are in Arrear here.

[Offers him a Glass.

Palm. I'll be soon out of your Debts:

My hearty Love to you, Sir.

[Drinks.

Wou'd I had you both in *Buckingham-shire*,

And a Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar;

We'd roast an Ox before we parted;

Shou'd we not, Boy?

Palmer Sings.

We'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the Day;

Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses shou'd follow;

And every Pleasure our Wills shou'd obey.

Palm. Come, drink to me a Brimmer if you
Dare now.

Sir Nich. Nay, if you provoke me you'd find me a bold Man

Give me a bigger Glass, Boy, So

This is fit for Men of Worth; Hang your Retail Drinkers;

Have at thee, my brave Countryman

[Drinks.

Palm. I'll do all I can for my guts to pledge thee

Ho brave Boys! that's he, that's he, faith,

How I cou'd hug thee now! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you

Whead. I protest, Gentlemen, you'll fright me

Out of your Company. Sir *Nicholas*,

Shall we have th' other round?

Sir Nich. Let's pause a while. What say you,

Gentlemen, if, to pass away the time,

And to refresh us, we should have a Box and Dice;

And fling a merry Mayn among our selves in sport?

Whead. 'Twill spoil good Company, by no means, Sir *Nicholas*.

Palm. Hang Play among Friends, let's have a Wench.

Sings.

LOVE in a TUB.

23

Sings.

*And, Jenny was all my Joy,
She had my Heart as her will;
But I left her and her toy
When once I had got my fill.*

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir Nich. We are not enough drunk for a Wench:

Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.

Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, Mr. Palmer.

Palmer sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his hand.

Palm. I have no design here,

But drinking good Wine here.

Whea. Nor I Boy.

Sir Nich. Nor I, Boy.

Whea. Th' art my Boy.

Sir Nich. Th' art my Boy.

All 3. Our heads are too airy for Plots:

Let us hug then all three,

Since our Virtues agree,

We'll hollow and cast up our Hats:

[They hollow whilst Palmer drinks, and then change till it has gone round.]

Sir Nich. Enough, enough.

Palm. Very good Boys all, very good Boys all.

Give me a Glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer,

Sir Nicholas, your Lady.

Sir Nich. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave

Your Company else. Prithee, *Wheadle,*

Let's have a Box and Dice.

Whead. We shall grow dull. *Mr. Palmer,*

What say you to the Bus'ness?

Palm. I do't understand Dice; I understand good Pasture

And Drink— Hang the Devil's Bones.

[Wheadle whispers Cully to send for Dice.]

Cully whispers the Drawer.

Palmer Sings.

He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,

Or his Wench for fear of Mishaps,

May he beg all his days, cracking of Lice,

And die in Conclusion of Claps:

Enter

LOVE in a TUB.

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmlesser Sport of the two; a merry Glass round.

Sir Nich. Excuse me, Sir, I'll pledge you here.

[Takes Dice.]

Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main?

Palm. The Main, what's the Main?

Sir Nich. Do not you understand Hazard?

Palm. I understand Dice, or Hap-Hazard.

Sir Nich. Can you play at Passage?

Palm. You pass my Understanding: I can sing Most at a throw, for a Shot, or a Glass of Wine.

Sir Nich. Passage is easily learn'd: The Castor wins, If he sing above ten with Doublets Upon three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets?

Sir Nich. Two of a sort, two Cinques, two Tre's, or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho, I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, set then.

Palm. I set you this Bottle.

Sir Nich. Nay, nay, set Money.

Palm. Is it a fair play, Mr. Wheadle? I trust to you.

Whead. Upon my word a very fair square Play, But this Table is so wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer. will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen?

Sir Nich. I think it will not be amiss.

Whead. Much better. Come, Mr. Palmer.

Palm. I'll follow, Sir.

Palmer Sings.

If she be not as kind as fair,
But perrish and unbandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a dandy.
I would not have such an Ass,
Had'st thou ne're so much Leisure,
To sigh and wime for such a Lass,
Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy.

Palm. March on, march on.

Sings.

H S ANGUS

*Make much of dry bones Girl,
Which needs but little Courting;
Her Value is above the Pearl,
That takes Delight in Sporting.*

[Ex. Omnes]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, and Drawer.

Palm. **N**AY, Sir *Nich'tas*, for all your haste, I must
Have a Note under your Hand for the thousand
Pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer*;
Sir *Nich'tas* shall not pay the Money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a Rate
If I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Though I am but a poor Countrey-man,
I scorn to be chous'd: I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you, Mr. *Palmer*?

Palm. Hark me no Harks; I'll have my Money.

Sir Nich. Drawer; take your Reck'ning.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir; haste into the Countrey
To mind your Cattle.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earnest?

Whead. Ay indeed; Fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*;
But now I perceive what you are.

* Your Ear, Sir.

[* To Cully.]

Whead. Never fear him; he dares not go into the Field,
Without it be among his Sheep.

Cul. Agreed; To morrow, about Eight in the Morning,
Near *Pancridge*.

Whead. I will have the Honour to serve you, Sir *Nich'tas*.
Provide your self a Second, Mr. *Palmer*.

[Exeunt Sir Nich. and Wheadle laughing.]

Palm. So, Laugh:
This is the Sheep that I must fleece.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

Enter Sir Fredrick Frolick, with Fiddlers before him, and six or eight Link Boys, dancing and singing.

—Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the Window;
Range your selves here.

Enter the Bell-Man.

Bell-M. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir Fred. Honest Bell-Man, prithee lend me thy Bell.

Bell-M. With all my Heart, Master.

[Sir Fred. rings the Bell and then repeats these Verses.]

Sir Fred. You, Widow, that do sleep Dog-sleep,
And now for your dead Husband weep,
Perceiving well what want you have
Of that poor Worm has eat in Grave;
Rise out of Bed, and open the Door;
Here's that will all your Joys restore.

Good-morrow, my Mistress dear, Good-morrow.

Good-morrow, Widow.

[He rings the Bell again.]

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her Hand.

Maid. Who's that comes at this unseasonable Hour,
To disturb my Ladies Quiet?

Sir Fred. An honest Bell-Man, to mind her of her Frailty.

Maid. Sir Frederick, I wonder you will offer this;
You will lose her Favour for ever.

Sir Fred. Y' are mistaken; now's the Time to creep into
Her Favour.

Maid. I'm sure y'ave wak'd me out of the sweetest Sleep:
Hey ho——

Sir Fred. Poor Girl! Let me in, I'll rock
Thee into a sweeter.

Maid. I hear a stirring in my Mistress's Chamber;
I believe y'ave frighted her.

Sir Fred. Sound a fresh Alarm; the Enemy's at hand.

*[Ex. Maid.
Fiddlers play.]*

[The Widow comes to the Window in her Night Gown.]

Wid. Whose Insolence is this, that dares affront me
Thus?

Sir Fred. in } If there be Insolence in Love, 'tis I
a Calling Tens. } Have done you this unwilling Injury.

Wid.

Wid. What pitiful rhyming Fellow's that? he speaks
As if he were prompted by the Fiddlers.

Sir Fred. Alas, what pains I take thus to unclofe
Those pretty Eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes!

Wid. A godly Buke would become that tone a great
Deal better: He might get a pretty living by
Reading Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies, or some
Pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street:
His mournful Voice, I vow, has mov'd my compassion.

Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we shou'd have a Fellow-feeling of one
Another indeed, Widow.

Wid. *Sir Frederick*, is it you?

Sir Fred. Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady?
Have not your Quarters been beaten up
At these most seasonable hours before now?

Wid. Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commission
For what he did: I'm afraid thou'd it once become
Your Duty, you would soon grow weary of the Employment.

Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this distance; 'tis not the English fashion:
Prethee let's come to't hand to fist.

Wid. I give no entertainment to such lewd persons.
Farewel, Sir.

[Exit *Wid.*

Sir Fred. I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up.
Sing the Catch I taught you at the *Rose*.

[*Fiddlers sing.*

SONG.

HE that will win a Widows Heart
Must bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the Window again, with her Maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, *Sir Frederick*; what do you imagine
The Neighbours will think?

Sir Fred. So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forc'd to
Think the better of me.

Wid. I am much beholden to you for the care you have
Of my Reputation.

Sir Fred. Talk no more, but let the door be open'd;
Or else Fiddlers —

Wid. Pray hold; what security shall I have for
Your good behaviour?

Sir Fred. My Sobriety,

E

Wid.

LOVE AND THE

Wid. That's paid at the Tavern long since when you came.

Sir Fred. Thy own Honour then; is that engag'd?

Wid. I think that will goigh to secure me.
Give 'em entrance, Betty [Enter Widow and her Maid.

Enter Palmer, with a Link before him.

Sir Fred. Ha! who goes there?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir Fred. Palmer in a disguise! what rogery
Hast thou been about?

Palm. Out of my loyal inclinations doing
Service to his Majesty.

Sir Fred. What? a plotting?

Palm. How to destroy his Enemies, Mr. Whedde
And I are very vigilant.

Sir Fred. In bubbling of some body, on my life?

Palm. We do not use to boast our services,
Nor do we seek Rewards, good actions
Recompence themselves.

Sir Fred. Ho the door opens; farewell, Sirrah.
Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready
When I call.

Honest Bell-man, drink this: [Gives the Bell-man money]

Bellm. Thank you, Noble Master. [Exit Bell man.

Sir Fred, entering. Here's something to stop thy mouth too.

Maid. Out upon you, Sir Frederick; you'll never leave
Your old tricks. [Exit.

SCENE III

Scene, The Widow's House.

Enter Sir Frederick, leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.

Sir Fred. Little did I think I shou'd have been brought
To this pass: Love never had the power to rob me
Of my rest before.

Wid. Alas poor Gentleman! he has not been us'd to
These late hours.

Sir Fred. Widow, do not you be peevish now; 'tis dangerous
Jesting with my affection; 'tis in its infancy; and
Must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir Fred. Why, with kisses, and such pretty little dalliances; say me
Thus, thus.

Wid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir; if it be so froward, put it out
To Nurse; I am not so fond of it as you imagine.
Pray how have you dispos'd of your brave Camerades?
Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir Fred. No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues.
Enter, Gentlemen.

*Enter the Fiddlers, and a Masque of the Link boys, who are Dancing.
masters, dispos'd for the Frolick.*

Wid. These are men of skill.

[After the Masque.]

Sir Fred. I disguis'd 'em for your Entertainment.

Wid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my
Rest.

Sir Fred. Can you in conscience turn a young man
Out of doors at this time o' th' night, Widow?
Fie, fie, the very thought on't will keep you
VVaking.

Wid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a young man;
One that loves me.

Sir Fred. Ay, one that loves you.

Wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing.

[She sighs.]

Sir Fred. Come, come be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen,
And leave me here; you may go.

[To the Masquers.]

Wid. You may stay, Gentlemen; you may stay,
And take your Captain along with you:
You'll find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir Fred. Merciless VVoman! Do but lend me thy Maid; Faith I'll
Use her very tenderly and lovingly, even as I'd use
Thy self, dear VVidow, if thou wou'dst but make proof
Of my affection.

Wid. If the Constable carry your suspicious person to the
Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'll send my
Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir Fred. Go, go to Bed; and be idle, VVidow; that's worse than
Any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, and give
Notice of our coming. Farewel, VVidow;
I pity thy solitary condition.

[Exeunt Fiddlers playing.]

SCENE IV.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Lodging.

Enter Dufoy, and Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Dufoy. Dis is noting; six, seven a Clock in the morning

Is ver good hour.

Clark, I hope he does not use these hours often.

Dufey. Some six, seven times a Week; no oftiner.

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Dufey. Matr  Clark, to divertise you, I vil tell you
How I did get be acquainted vid dis bedlam Matre.

About two, tree year ago, me had for my convenience. [Enter a Foot-boy.

Discharg  my self from attending as Matr  D'ostel to

A person of Condition in *Parie*; it hapen after de

Dispatch of my little affaire —

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

Dufey. Jan foutr  de Lacque; me vil hav  de Vip

And de Belle vor your breeck, Rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank,

And turn'd off for want of Wit: my Master pick'd him

Up before a Puppit-show, mumbling a half-penny

Custard, to send him with a Letter to the Post.

Dufey. Morbleu, see, see de insolance of de Foot-boy English,

Bogre Rastale, you lye, begar I vil cutt  your troat . [Exit Foot-boy.

Clark. He's a Rogue; on with your story, Monsieur.

Dufey. Matr  Clark, I am your ver humble Serviteur; but

Begar me have no patience to be abus . As I did say, After

De dispatch  of my affaire, van day being Idele, vich

Does produc  de Miellanchollique, I did valk  over

De new Bridge in *Parie*, and to dev rtise de time,

And my more serious tought , me did look to see

De Marrionet  and de Jack-pudding , vich

Did play hundred pretty trik , time de

Collation vas com , and vor I had no company, I vas

Unvilling to go to de Cabaret , but did buy a Darriol ,

Littel Custard  vich did satishe my apetite ver vel .

In dis time young Mounseieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman

Of ver great Quality, van dat vas my ver good Friend,

And has done me ver great and insignal faverne)

Come by in his Caroch , vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did

Pension at the same Academy, to learn de

Language, de bon mine, de great horse, and

Many oder trik : Monsieur seeing me did

Make de bow , and did beken, beken me come

To him: he did tell  me dat de Englis Jentelman

Had de Letr  vor de Post , and did entreat 

Me (if I had de oppertunity) to see de Letr 

Deliver: he did tell  me too, it vold be ver great

Obligation: de memory of de faver  I had

Receive

Receiv'd from his Family, beside de inclination I
Naturally have to serv'd de stranger, made me
Return'd de complemen vid ver great civility,
And so I did take de Letré, and see it deliver'd.
Sir Frolick perceiv'g (by de management of dis
Affair) dat I vas man d'esprit, and of vitté, did
Entreaté me to be his Serviteur; me did take
D'affection to his Personé, and vas contenté to live
Vid him, to counsel and to advise him: You see
Now de lye of the Bougre dé Lacque Englihé, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot m. Monsieur, the Apothecary is without.

Dufoy. Dat news be no ver welcome, begar.

Matré Clark, go and sit yon down; I vil but swal
My Break face, and be vid you again presant.
Morbleu L' Apothecaré.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Wheadle and Cully.

Cully. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a testimony
Of thy kindness.

Whead. I shou'd be angry with you if you thought so:
What makes you so serious?

Cul. I am sorry I did not provide for both our safeties.

Whead. How so?

Cul. Colonel *Hewson* is my Neighbour, and very good
Friend; I might have acquainted him with
The business, and got him with a File of
Musketers to secure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not secure your Honour.
What wou'd the World have judg'd?

Cul. Let the World have judg'd what it wou'd: Have
We not had many precedents of late, and
The World knows not what to judge?

Whead. But you see there was no need to hazard
Your Reputation; here's no Enemy appears.

Cul. We have done our duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to wait a while.

Cul. The air is so bleak; I vow I can no longer
Endure it.

Whead. Have a little patience, methinks I see two

Making

SCENE in a Tavern

Making towards us.

In the next Clofe.

Cul. Where, where? 'tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a Man.

Cul. I protest I am the worst dissembler

In cases of this nature.

Whead. Alon, look like a Man of resolution.

Whither, whither go you?

Cul. But to the next House to make my Will.

For fear of the worst: tell them I'll be here

Again presently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion

To suspect you, they'll appear like Lyons.

Cul. VVell, 'tis but giving security for the money.

That will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer and his Second.

Palm. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen.

[All griping Cully, who fumbles with his Doublet.]

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the Swords.

[To VVheadle.]

Whead. VVith all my heart.

[They match the Swords.]

Palmer Sings.

He had and a goodright Bilbo blade,

Wherewith he us'd to vapour;

Fall many a stubborn Eoe had made my job,

To wince and cut a caper.

Sec. Here's your Sword, Sir.

[To Palmer.]

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this sport?

[To Cully.]

Cul. By and by, Sir; I will not rend the buttons from my

Doublet for no mans pleasure.

Whead. Death, y've spoil'd all; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

Palm. VVhat, will you never have done fumbling?

Sec. This is a shame; fight him with his Doublet on;

There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you.

[Making to Cully.]

Sec. Here, here, Sir.

[To VVheadle.]

Whead. I am for you, Sir.

[VVheadle and his Second seem to fight.]

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. Palmer, hear me.

Hear me.

Whead. VVhat's the matter?

Cul.

Cul. My Conscience will not let me fight in a wrong Cause; I will pay the money, I have fairly lost it.

Whead. How contemptible is man, overcome by the worst of Passions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beasts As Reason raises him above them. I will my self Fight you both; Come on, if you dare.

Cul. Prethee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.

Whead. I disown all the kindness I ever had for you: VVhere are these men of valour, which owe their Virtue to this Mans Vice? let me go, I will chastise Their insolence my self.

[*Cully holds him.*]

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of Thy Friend.

Whead. Death, what wou'd you have me do? Can I serve You with any thing more dear than my Life?

Cul. Let us give them security.

Whead. Do you know what it is you wou'd do? have you consider'd VVhat a thousand Pounds is? 'tis a Fortune for any one Man.

Cul. I will pay it all, thou shalt be no loser.

Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect This money?

Palm. I expect such security for it as my Friend shall advise.

Sec. A VVarrant to confess a Judgment from you both.

Whead. You shall be damn'd first; you shall Have nothing.

Palm. and Sec. VVe'll have your bloods.

[*They proffer to fight; Cully holds VVheadle.*]

Whead. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be so. You shall Have a Judgment, Gentlemen.

Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls Papers out of his pocket.*]

VVhat? you have your tacklings about you.

Sec. VVe have Articles for Peace, as well as VVeapons For VVar.

Whead. Dispatch, dispatch them, put me to no more Torment with delays.

Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you see we are favourable, VVe grant you the benefit of your Clergy. Your [*Cul.* subscribes on *Palmer's* Helping hand, good Mr. *Wheadle*, to finish the work. back and then VVheadle.

VVhead. Take that into the bargain. [*Kicks him.*]

Palm. You shall have another, if you please, at the price.

Sec. VVe seldom quarrel under a thousand pound head I shall not woff

Palm. and Sec. VVe wish you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer.

LOVE in a TUB.

Palmer sings.

*Come, let's to the Tavern scape,
And drink whilst we can stand;
We thirst more for the blood o' th' Grape
Than for the blood of man.*

[*Exeunt Palmer and Second.*]

Whead. Do you see now what men of mighty prowess
These are?

Cul. I was too blame indeed.

Whead. I am in such a passion I know not what
To do: Let us not stand gazing here;
I wou'd not have this known for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter my Lord Bevil and Lovis.

Lovis. 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain
Our Honour, and prevent this threatening stain.

L. Bro. Forbear this wicked insolence: Once more
I charge you think on your Obedience.

[*Exit L. Bevil.*]

Lovis. Beauty, what art thou, we so much admire!
Thou art no real, but a seeming fire,
Which, like the glow-worm, only casts a light
To them whose Reason Passion does benight.
Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
Made of such Vapours as from us arise.
Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States.
Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know —

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, Colonel Bruce, unexpectedly released from
His Imprisonment, is come to wait upon you.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lovis. What shall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counsel give to my distracted mind:
Friendship and shame within me so contend,
I know not how to shun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my generous Friend? Oh noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this content?
Though deprivation be the greatest pain.

When Heav'n restores our Happiness again,
It makes amends by our Encrease of Joy,
Perfecting that which it did once destroy.

Dear Friend, my Love does now exact its Due;

Graciana must divide my Heart with you:

Conduct me to your Sister, where I may

Make this my Morn of Joy a glorious Day.

What means this sad Astonishment!

Louis. How can we chuse but with Confusion greet,

When I your Joys with equal Sorrows meet.

Bruce. O Heav'n! Must my Afflictions have no End!

I scap'd my Foe to perish by my Friend:

What strange Disaster can produce this Grief?

Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, speak: Be brief.

Louis. She lives; but I could wish her dead.

Bruce. Rash Man! Why should your Envy swell so high,

To wish the World this great Calamity?

With the whole Frame of Nature were dissolv'd;

That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.

There is more Charity in this Desire;

Since with our Loss, our Sorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Louis. Here comes *Aurelia*, sent for my Relief:

Heav'n knows her Tongue can best express this Grief:

Examine her, and you shall find ere long,

I can revenge, though not relate your Wrong.

Bruce. For pity, haste *Aurelia*, and declare

The Reasons of your Brother's frightening Care:

My Soul is rack'd with Doubts, until I know.

Your Silence and your Looks, *Aurelia*, show

As if your Kindness made you bear a Part

Of those great Sorrows that afflict his Heart.

Aurel. His Passion is so Noble and so Just,

No gen'rous Soul can know it but it must

Lay claim unto a Portion, as its Due;

He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my Misfortunes are;

Friendship must not engross them, though it share.

I wou'd not willingly my Love suspect;

And yet, I fear, 'tis answer'd with Neglect.

Aurel. My Sister, by unlucky Stars mis-led,

From you and from her Happiness is fled;

Unskill'd in the Way, by Passion prest,

She has took Shelter in another's Breast.

[Kisses her Hand.]

[After a pause.]

F

Bruce

Bruce. Fate thou hast done thy worst, Thy Triumph sing; *[After a pause.]*
Now thou hast stung to home, th' art lost thy Sting.
I have not Power *Graciana* to exclaim
Against your Fault; indeed you are to blame.

Louis. Tell me, did she her Promise plight, or give
Your Love encouragement enough to live?

Bruce. It was her pity sure, and not her Love,
That made her seem my Passion to approve;
My Story was unpleasant to her Ear
At first; but time had made her apt to hear
My Love: she told me that it grew her Grief,
As much as mine, my Pain found no Relief;
Then promis'd she'd endeavour the decrease
Of that in her which warr'd against my Peace,
'Twas in this joyful Spring of Love that I
Was ravish'd from her by our Enemy:

My Hopes grew strong, I banish'd all Despair:
These glowing Sparks I then left to the Care
Of this fair Maid, thinking she might inspire
My Passion, and blow up the kindling Fire.

Louis. Alas; She to my knowledge has been true;
Sh' a spoke and sigh'd all that she cou'd for you.

Amel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with Success the catching Fire did feed:
Till Noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky Day,
A Visit to our Family did pay;
Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and fraught
With all those Virtues that in Courts are taught:
He with his am'rous Tales so charm'd her Ear,
That she of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

Bruce. That Heart, which I so long with Toil and Pain
Besieg'd, and us'd all Stratagems to gain,
Is now become, within a trice, we see,
The Triumph of another's Victory. *[Enter a Servant and whisper with Louis.]*
There is a Fate in Love, as well as War;

Some, though less careful, more successful are.

Louis. Do not this Opportunity withstand;
These Lovers now are walking Hand in Hand
Pth' Garden; fight him there, and sacrifice
His Heart to that false Woman's Cruelties:
If Fate be so unjust to make thee fall,
His Blood or mine shall wait thy Funeral.

Bruce. Young Man, this Rashness must have my Excuse;
Since 'tis your Friendship does your Paath produce;

Powers above did not this Passion sway,
But that our Love our Reason did obey,
Your Sister I with justice might accuse,
Nor wou'd I this Occasion then refuse.

Lovis. Does *Bruce* resolve thus tamely to decline
His Int'rest; and like foolish Women pine?
Can that great Heart which in your Breast does dwell,
Let your fond Griefs above your Courage swell?

Bruce. My Passions grow unruly, and I find
Too soon, they'll raise a Tempest in my mind.

Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame,
You did not in its Youth correct my Flame;
'Tis now so head-strong, and so wild a Fire,
I fear to both our Ruines 'twill conspire:
I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
I may to her my injur'd Love declare.

Graciana, yet your Heart shall be my Prize,
Or else my Heart shall be your Sacrifice.

Despair's the Issue of ignoble Minds;

And but with Cowards Entertainment finds.

[*Exeunt Lovis and Bruce.*]

Aurel. Heav'n grant some Moderation to this Rage,

That Reason their swell'd Passions may assuage.

Oh *Bruce*! thou little think'st the Fates in me

Have to the full reveng'd thy Injury.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Scene, a Garden belonging to my Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told, so much must move
All that have sense of Honour or of Love,
That for my Rival I cou'd shed a Tear,
If Grief had any power when you are near.

Grac. Leave this Discourse; your Mistress you neglect,
And to your Rival all your Thoughts direct.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and stand undiscovered.

Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
By my compassion sooth'd into a sin.

The holiest Man that to the Altar bows
With wandring Thoughts too often stains his Vows.

Bruce. *Graciana*, you are alter'd much, I find; [*Surprising her by the hand.*]
Since I was here y^e have learn'd how to be kind.
The God of Love, which subtly let you sway,

Has stoln your Heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'ns! what strange surprize is this!

Bruce. Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim;
You are my Mistress, and must own my Flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold Man, and do not tempt thy Fate; [*Taking her by the other hand.*]
Thou hast no Right, her Love does Right create:
Thy Claim must to my Title here give place;
'Tis not who loves, but whom she's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but speak; *Bruce*, you divide my Care,
Though not my Love, you my Compassion share;
My Heart does double Duty; it does mourn
For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.

Bruce. Your pity but destroys: if you wou'd save,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I must have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, she did it now declare;
Name it no more, but vanish and despair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd t'obey:

If y'are so good at that, here are such Charms [*Laying his hand on his Sword*
Can fright y'into the Circle of her Arms.

Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my Defence;
This is not Courage, *Bruce*, but Insolence. [*Grac. takes Beauf. in her arms.*
Graciana, let me go, my Heart wants room.

Grac. My Arms till now were ne're thought troublesome.

Bruce, Beaufort, I hope y'have Courage to appear,
VVhere sacred Sanctuary is not near,
I'll leave you now within that happy State
VVhich does provoke my Fury and my Hate.

[*Ex. Bru. and Lov.*]

Grac. You must not meet him in the Field, to prove
A doubtful Combat, for my certain Love.
Beside, your Heart is mine; will you expose
The Heart you gave me, to its raging Foes?
Those Men want Honour who stake that at Play
VVhich to their Friends their Kindness gave away.

Beauf. *Graciana*, why did you confine me so,
Within your Arms? you shou'd have let me go:
We soon had finish'd this our hot debate,
VVhich now must wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None in Combustions blame such as desire
To save their precious Goods from raging Fire.
Banish this Passion now, my Lord, and prove
Your Anger cannot overcloud your Love.

Beauf. Your glorious Presence can this Rage controul,
And make a Calm in my tempestuous Soul;

But

But yet there must be time; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce Tempests of the Air,
Before he make those stormy Conflicts cease,
And with his conquering Beams proclaims a Peace.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Lovis.

Lovis. Farewel, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your Acceptance were.

Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal Wings of Jealousie they move:
I to my Rival will in neither yield,
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.

Lovis. Your Emulation, Sir, is swoln so high,
You may be worthy of his Victory:
You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the Bud,
Whose Root was fed with vast expence of Blood.

[Exit Lovis.]

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. What, my Lord, as studious as a Country Vicar
On a Saturday in the Afternoon?
I thought you had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not studying Speeches for my Mistress;
'Tis Action that I now am thinking on;
Wherein there's Honour to be gain'd,
And you, Cousin, are come luckily to share it.

Sir Fred. On my Life, a Prize to be plaid for your Mistress:
I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me hither
So early with my Sword to serve you.
But dares so zealous a Lover as your Lordship
Break the Commandment of your Mistress?
I heard, poor Lady, she wept, and charg'd you
To sleep in a whole Skin; but young Men
Never know when th'are well.

Beauf. Cousin, my Love to her cannot make me forget
My Duty to my Family.

Sir Fred. Pray whose Body must I exercise my Skill upon?

Beauf. You met the Man; *Graciana's* Brother.

Sir Fred. An expert Gentleman, and I have not fenc'd of late,
Unless it were with my

Widow's

LOVE in a TRAP.

Widow's Maids; and they are e'en too hard for me,
At my own Weapon.

Beauf. Cofin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.

Sir Fred. I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with Grief, *Graciana*, I must go,
Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe;
My Fate too near resembles theirs where he
Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Wheadle, and Palmer dress'd like the Lord Bevil.

Whead. So, my *Proteus*, exactly dress'd!
Dexterous Rogue! is *Grace* ready in her Geers,
And sett'd in my Lady *Danwell*'s House?

Palm. Every Trap is baited.

Whead. I'll warrant you then we catch our *Cully*;
He's gone to put himself into a fantastick Garb,
In imitation of *Sir Frederick Frick*;
He's almost frantick with the very conceit
Of gaining the rich Widow. But hark,
I hear him coming; slip down the back way,
And to your charge.

[*Exit Palmer.*]

Enter Cully.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, and what think you of this Habit?
Is it not very modish?

Whead. As any Man need wear:
How did you furnish your self so suddenly?

Sir Nich. Suddenly? I protest, I was, at least,
At *Sixteen Broaker's*, before I could put my self
Exactly into the Fashion; but now I defy *Sir Frederick*;
I am as fine as he, and I will be as mad as he,
If that will carry the Widow,
I'll warrant thee.

Whead. Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune,
Before your Reputation's blasted
VVith the infamous Names of Coward and Gamester?
And so become able to pay the Thousand Pounds without noise,
Than going into the Country, selling your Land,
Making a Havock among your VVoods, or mortgaging
Your Estate to a scrupulous Scrivener, that will
VVhisper it into the Ears of the whole Town,

By inquiring of your good Behaviour?

Sir Nich. Excellent Wheadle! And will my Lord
Bevil speak my Commendations to his
Sister?

Whead. She is impatient till she see you, Sir;
For in my hearing, upon the Account I gave him
Of you, he told her you were the prettiest, wittiest,
Wildest Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier
In your Heart; the only things that take her.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, Come, I will go to the Tavern,
And swallow two whole Quarts of Wine
Instantly, and, when I am drunk,
Ride on a Drawer's Back to visit her.

Whead. Some less Frolick to begin with.

Sir Nich. I will cut three Drawers over the Pate then,
And go with a Tavern-Lantern before me at Noon-Day.
Come away.

[Exeunt, Cully singing.]

SCENE III.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord,
Grace?

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. Palmer?

Palm. Yes in good Faith, Grace; what a rogue is that
Wheadle, to have kept such a Treasure to himself.
Without communicating a little to his Friends?

[Offers to kiss her.]

Grace. Forbear; you'll be out in your Party,
My Lord, when Sir Nicholas comes.

Palm. The truth is, my Lady, I am better
Prepar'd at this time to act a Lover,
Than a Relation.

Grace. That grave Dress is very amorous indeed.

Palm. My Vertues, like those of Plants in the Winter,
Are retired; your warm Spring
Wou'd fetch 'em out with a Vengeance.

Enter Jenny in livery.

Jenny. Mr. Wheadle and Sir Nicholas are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister, expect your Kew.

Enter Wheadle and Sir Nicholas, kicking a Tavern-Boy before him
who has Three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his Back.

Cul. singing. Then march along, Boys, all our merry Frong Boys.
So lay down the Bottles here.

Whead.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman
That I told you was
Ambitious to be your Sister's Servant.

Cul. Hither am I come, my Lord, to drink
Your Sister's Health, without Offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the
Fleas about her.

Palm. Sir, I'll call her to pledge it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may
Be able to tell her you have drunk it.

[Palmer drinks and exits.

Wheadle. How do you like this?

[Draws his Sword.

Shall I break the Windows?

Whead. Hold, Hold;

You are not in a House of evil Reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frolick.*

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nich'las*, Sister.

Cul. I, Madam, I am Sir *Nich'las*, and how do you like me?

Grace. A pretty Gentleman.

Pray, Sir, are you come a House-warming,

That you bring Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask such pert Questions,

[Kisses her.

Madam, I can stop your Mouth.

Hither am I come to be drunk,

That you may see me drunk; and

Here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat.

[Drinks.

Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my Service to you; a Health

To Sir *Nich'las*'s great Grand-Father's Beard-Brush.

[She drinks part.

Cul. Nay, pledge me; Ha——

Grace. You are not quarrelsome in your Drink,

I hope, Sir.

Cul. No, faith; I am wond'rous loving.

[Hugs her.

Grace. You are a very bold Lover.

Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the Ramble

To Night.

Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?

Cul. Thou shalt be Witness how many Constables

Staves I'll break about the Watch-Mens Ears:

How many Bell Men I'll rob of their Verses,

To furnish a little Apartment in the Back-side

Of my Lodging.

Grace. I believe y' are an excellent Man at

Quarter Staff, Sir.

Cul. The odds was on my head against any Warrener
In all our Country; But I have left it off this

Two year. My Lord, what say you, Do you think
Your Sister and I shou'd not furnish a Bed-chamber

As well as two soberer people? what think you, my Lord?

Grace. I, and a Nursery too, I hope, Sir.

Cul. Well said, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy body

A generation of wild Cats, children that shall

Waw, waw, scratch their Nurfes, and be drunk

With their Sucking-bottles.

Whead. Brave Sir *Nich'las*.

Cul. *Wheadle*, give me a Brimmer; the Widow

Shall drink it to our Progeny.

Where, where is she gone?

[*Exit Grace.*]

Palm. You have frighted her hence, Sir.

Cul. I'll fright her worse, if I find her in a Corner.

Ha, Widow, I'll follow you; I'll follow you, ha.

[*Exit Culley.*]

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he

Over-acts the Part I gave him;

Sir *Frederick* is not half so mad: I will keep

Him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*,

And we have the best part of his estate at our mercy.

Palm. Most ingenious *Wheadle*!

Whead. I was not born to ease nor Acres;

Industry is all my stock of living.

[*The women shriek within.*]

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the squeek.

Whead. We must go and take him off; he's as fierce

As a Bandog that has newly broke his chain.

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCENE IV.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and traverse the Stage.

Then enter four or five men in disguises.

1 Man. This way they went; be sure you kill the Villain:
Let pity be a stranger to your breasts.

2 Man. We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with
Compassion.

3 Man. But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly
Pursue his Life? he has the report of

A gallant Man.

1 Man. He murdered my Father.

G

3 Man.

3 *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in
The Field at *Nasby*.

1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my self
Was witness; I accus'd him to the
Protector, and suborn'd Witness
To have taken away his Life by form
Of Law; but my Plot was discover'd, and
He yesterday releas'd; since which I've
Watch'd an opportunity, without the
Help of seeming Justice, for my Revenge.
Strike home. —

3 *Man.* We are your hired slaves; and since
You'll have it so, we'll shed his blood,
And never spare our own.

[*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the Stage.

Enter Bruce and Lovis at another door.

Bruce. Your Friendship, noble Youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already lost you venture all;
Your present happiness, your future joy;
You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.

Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Shou'd I your Friendship and my Honour rate
Below the value of a poor Estate,
A heap of dirt! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood must here atone the sin.

Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heav'ns! what is there an Ambuscado laid!
Draw, dearest Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vil.* *Bruce*, look on me and then prepare to die.

[*Pulling off his Vizard.*]

Bruce. O Treacherous Villain!

1 *Vil.* Fall on, and sacrifice his blood to my Revenge.

Lovis. More hearts than one shall bleed if he must die.

[*They fight.*]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.

Beauf. Heavens! what's this I see! Sir *Frederick*, draw;
Their blood's too good to grace such
Villains Swords. Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.

Lovis. We'll make you, slaves, repent
This Treachery.

[*The Villains run.*]

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; we'll let them go.
Brave men! this action makes it well appear

'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.

Beauf. VVe come to conquer, *Bruce*, and not to see
Such Villains rob us of our Victory,
Your Lives our fatal Swords claim as their due;
VV'ad wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.

Bruce. Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us so,
That to your succour we our safety owe.

Louis. Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
VVhat in your cause we wou'd have done for you.

Beauf. You speak the truth, w'ave but our duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no obligation. [He strips.]

Bruce. My Honour is disfatish'd; I must, [*Louis and Sir Frederick strip.*]
My Lord, consider whether it be just
To draw my Sword against that Life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.

Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
This is no place for Counsel, but for Fight:
Dispatch.

Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.

Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A Company of fearful Slaves away?

My Courage stoops not at so mean a prey:
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy blood.

Bruce. Open this bosom, and let out a flood.

Beauf. I come to conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.

Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:

Think on the beauteous *Graciana's* Eyes,
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.

Bruce. There are such charms in *Graciana's* Name, [Strips hastily.]
My scrup'ulous Honour must obey my Flame

My lazy Courage I with shame condemn:
No thoughts have power streams of blood to stem.

Sir Fred. Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends,
You and I must pass a small complement

On each other. [They all fight.]

Beaufort after many Passes closes with *Bruce*; they fall; *Beaufort*
disarms him.

Beauf. Here, live. [Giving Bruce his Sword again.]

Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory;
Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your Enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant men.
Bruce and Beaufort part Louis and Sir Frederick!

Louis. Before we bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handfom proffers may for Wounds suffice? or am I
I am amaz'd! what means this bloodless Field!

Bruce. The stoutest heart must to his fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie, [To Beauf.

And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heaven with such a Conquest favours few:
'Tis easier to destroy than to subdue.

Our bodies may by brutish force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.

My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my Life from you;
Much is to both those gen'rous actions due;

The nobler giver I must highly prize,
Though I the Gift, Heav'n knows, as much despise.

Can I desire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor Life its Ransom does destroy!

No, no, *Graciana's* loss I'll ne'er survive:
I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.

[Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded.]

Beauf. Hold, gallant Man! Honour her self does bleed!

[Running to him, takes him in his arms.]

All gen'rous hearts are wounded by this deed.

Louis. He does his blood for a lost Mistress spend;
And shall not I bleed for so brave a Friend?

[*Louis offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by*

Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. Forbear, Sir, the Frolick's not to go round, as I
Take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendship to assist me here;
I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear.

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my relief;
'T has made a vent for blood, but not for grief.

[*Bruce struggling, Louis and Sir Frederick help to hold him.*

Let me once more the unkind Weapon try:
Will ye prolong my pain? oh cruelty!

Louis. Ah dearest *Bruce*, can you thus careless be
Of our great Friendship, and your Loyalty!

Look on your Friend; your drooping Country view;
And think how much they both expect from you.

You for a Mistress waste that precious blood,
Which shou'd be spent but for our Masters good.

Sir Fred. Expence of blood already makes him faint;
Let's carry him to the next House, till we can
Procure a Chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevi's*.

The best place for accommodation.

[They all take him up.]

Beauf. Honour has plaid an after-game; this Field

The Conq'rour does unto the Conquer'd yield.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Graciana weeping.

Grac. Farewel all thoughts of happines, farewel:
My Fears together with my Sorrows swell:
VVhilst from my Eyes there flows this Crystal Flood,
From their brave hearts there flows such streams of Blood.
Here I am lost, while both for me contend;
VVith what success can this strange Combate end!
Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common Enemy.

Enter Lord Bevil.

L. Bevil. VWeeping! Ah Child! —

Grac. Kill me not with expectation, Sir.

L. Bev. The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himself
For you: Being disarm'd, and at his Rival's mercy,
His Life and Sword were given him by the
Noble Youth; He made a brave acknowledgment
For both; but then considering you were lost,
He scorn'd to live; and falling on his Sword,
Has giv'n himself a mortal wound.

[Exit L. Bevil.]

Enter Aurelia weeping.

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, Go but in and see
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your eternal shame,
VVith his own blood has quench'd his raging flame.

Grac. Weeping. My carriage shall in these misfortunes prove:
That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. aside. Thy sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:
These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise;
I can command my Tongue, but not my Eyes.

[Exit Aurel.]

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread!
VVhich is the path that doth to Honour lead?
In this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,
That none shall judge I am misled by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conq'rours must forget their Victories,
And homage pay to your Victorious Eyes.

Graciana.

Graciana, hither your poor Slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom:
Smile on his Vict'ry; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious Man, can you expect from me
An approbation of your Treachery!
V When I, distracted with prophetick fears,
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you wou'd not fight?
Go now and triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you went my Enemy,
And are return'd the only Man I hate,
The wicked Instrument of my sad fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee
To try my gen'rous Lover's constancy.

[*Exit Graciana.*]

Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by hate!

[*Exit Beaufort.*]

SCENE VI.

Scene, The Widow's House.

Enter Betty and Lettice, the two Chamber-maids; severally.

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have staid for you.

Lett. VVhat hast thou done to the French-man,
Girl? he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk;
No body knows what to make of him.

Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him;
He'll come to himself, never fear him:
Have you not observ'd how scurvily h'as look'd
Of late?

Lett. Yes; and he protests it is for love of you.

Betty. Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal;
H's got the foul Disease;
Our Coach-man discover'd it by a Bottle of Diet
Drink he brought and hid behind the stairs, into which
I infus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. VVhat dost intend to do with him?

Betty. You shall see.

*Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a bottom, a stool at the top to be
lock'd, and a hole to put ones head out at, made easie to be born on
ones shoulders.*

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

Betty.

Betty. He lies behind the stairs; haste and bring him in,
That he may take quiet possession of this wooden Tenement;
For 'tis near his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, and put him
into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to ply at the blind
Ale house?

Coach m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. VVell, let's hear now what a horrible noise you
Can make to wake this Gentleman.

[Fidler plays a Tune.

Let. He wants a helping hand; his Eye-lids
Are seal'd up; see how the wax sticks upon 'em:
Let me help you, Monsieur.

[Dufoy begins to wake.

Dufoy. Vat aré you? Jarnie! vat is dis! am I
Jack in a boxe? begar, who did putté
Me here?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monsieur; will you be pleas'd
To take your Pills this Morning?

Dufoy. Noé: but I vo'd have de diable take youé;
It vas youé dat did abusé me dus, vas
It noté? begar I vil killé ale de
Shamber-maid in Englandé.

Let. VVill you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur?
There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Dufoy. Are youé de littel diable come to tormenté mé?
Morbleu! vas ever man afronté in dis naturé!

Betty. Me-thinks he has ferbon, mine Monsieur,
Now if you please to make your little Addressé,
And your amouré, you will not find me so coy.

Dufoy. Begar I vil no marié de cousin Germain
Of de diable.

Let. What shon'd he do with a Wife? he has not
House room for her.

Betty. VVhy do you not keep your head within
Doors, Monsieur?

Let. Now there's such a storm abroad.

Dufoy. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé
Vid in doore? begar, tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to sell,
Gloves and Ribbands? y've got
A very convenient Shop, Monsieur.

Dufoy. I do hope you vil have verie
Convenient halteré, begar.

Jerny,

Jerny, Can I not taré dis tingé in de pieces?

Betty. You begin to sweat, Monsieur; the Tub is Proper for you.

Dufoy. I have no more patience;
I vil breaké dis prison, or I vil breaké
My neké, and ye shall alé be hangé.

[Struggles to get out.]

Let. He begins to rave; bleis the poor Man.

Betty. Some Musick quickly, to
Compose his mind.

[The Musick plays; and they Dance about him.]

How prettily the Snail carries his Tenement [He walks with the Tub on his
On his back! I'm sorry I am but his Mistress: back.]

If I had been your VVife, Monsieur, I had made
You a compleat Snail; your Horns
Shou'd have appear'd.

Dufoy. I vil have de patience, dere is no oder remede;
You be alé de Raska'é VVhore; de diable
Take you alé; and I vil say no more, begar.

Betty. This is a very fine Vessel, and wou'd swim well;
Let's to the Horse pond with him.

Let. Come, come, he looks as fullenly as a Hare
In her Form; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur. [Exeunt all but Dufoy.]

Dufoy. Bongre, I canno hangé my selfé; begar I canno
Drowné my selfé; I vil go hidé my selfé,
And starvé to dyé; I vil no be de laughé
For every Jackanapé Englisbé. Morbleu.

SCENE VII.

Sir Frederick is brought in upon a Bier, with a mourning Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a mourning Cloak: Four Fiddlers carry the Corps, with their Instruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner. Madam, you must expect a bloody consequence
VVhen men of such prodigious Courage fight.
The young Lord Beaufort was the first that fell,
After his Sword too deeply had engag'd
His Rival not to stay behind him long.
Sir Frederick with your Nephew bravely fought;
Death long did keep his distance, as if he
Had fear'd excess of Valour; but when they,
Ore-loaded with their wounds, began to faint,
He with his terrors did invade their Breasts.

Faint

LOVE and TUB.

Fame soon brought many to the Tragick Place;
Where I found my dearest Friend, Sir Frederick,
Almost as poor in *Breath* as *Blood*:
He took me by the Hand, and all the Stock h'ad left
He spent, Madam, in calling upon you.
He first proclaim'd your Vertues, then his Love;
And having charg'd me to convey his Corpse hither,
To wait on you, his latest *Breath* expir'd
With the Command.

Wid. The VWorld's too poor to recompense this Loss.
Unhappy VWoman! why shou'd I survive
The only Man in whom my Joys did live?
My dreadful Grief!

[The Fiddlers prepare.

Dufoy. Oh my *Matré*, my *Matré*! who has kill my
Matré? Morblen, I vil—
[The Widow shrieks, and runs out: All the
Fiddlers run out in a Fright.

Oh, de Diablé, de Diablé! [Sir Frederick starts up, which frights Dufoy.
Sir *Fred.* VVhat Devillish Accident is this?
Or has the VVidow undermin'd me?

[Enter the VVidow and her Maid, laughing.
I shall be laugh'd to Death now indeed,
By Chamber-Maids; why have you no
Pity, VVidow?

Wid. None at all for the Living; Ha, ha, ha.
You see w're provided for your Frolicks, Sir; Ha, ha.

Sir *Fred.* Laugh but one Minute longer, I will forswear
Thy Company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
For ever after.

Wid. Farewel, Sir, expect at night to see the old Man,
VVith his Paper Lanthorn, and crack'd Spectacles,
Singing your woful Tragedy
To Kitchin-Maids, and Coblers Prentices.

[Widow offers to go, Sir Frederick holds her by the Arm.
Sir *Fred.* Hark you, hark you, VVidow:
By all those Devils that have
Hitherto possess'd thy Sex—

Wid. No Swearing, good Sir *Frederick*!
Sir *Fred.* Set thy Face then; let me not see the Remains
Of one poor Smile: So now I will kiss thee,
And be Friends.

[Widow falls out laughing.
Not all thy Wealth shall hire me to
Come within smell of thy *Breath* again.
Jealousie, and, which will be worse for thee, Widow, Impotence

H

Light

Light upon me, if I stay one Moment longer with thee. *[Exit Fredrick.]*

Wid. Do you hear, Sir? Can you be so angry with one That loves you so passionately she cannot survive You?

Sir Fred. Widow, may the Desire of Man keep thee Waking, till thou art as mad as I am. *[Exit Sir Fredrick.]*

Wid. How lucky was this Accident! How he wou'd have insulted Over my Weakness else!

Sir Fred'rick, since I've Warning, you shall prove More subtil Ways, before I own my Loss. *[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Lewis, a Chirurgeon, Servants, carrying Bruce in a Chair.

Chir. Courage, brave Sir, do not mistrust my Art. *[To Bruce.]* Tell me, dost thou ever cure a wounded Heart?

Thy Skill, fond Man, thou here implo'st in vain, The Ease thou giv'st does but encrease my Pain.

Lewis. Dear Bruce, my Life does on your Life depend; Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruce. Do what you please; but are not those unkind That ease the Body to afflict the Mind? *[The Chirurgeon dresses him.]*

Oh cruel Love! thou shoot'st with such strange Skill, The Wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill:

Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a Fire, As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire!

Enter Aurelia.

Lewis. Is the Wound mortal? Tell me, Or may we cherish Hopes of his Recovery? *[To the Chirurgeon.]*

Chir. The Danger is not imminent: yet my Prognostick Boads a sad Event: For though there be no great Vessel dissected, yet I have cause to fear

That the Parenchyma of the right Lobe of the Lungs, Near some large Branch of the *Aspera Arteria*, Is perforated.

Lewis. Tell me in English, will he live or die?

Chir. Truly I despair of his Recovery. *[Exit Chirurgeon.]*

Aurel. aside.] Forgive me, Ladies, if Excess of Love Me beyond Rules of Modesty does move,

And

And against Custom, makes me now reveal
Those Flames my tortur'd Breast and long conceal;
'Tis some Excuse that I my Love have hid
When there's no Med'cine left to cure Despair. *[Weep by the Chalk side.]*

Bruce. Oh Heav'n; can fair *Aurelia* weep for me!
This is some Comfort to my Misery
Kind Maid, those Eyes should only Pity take
Of such as feel no Wounds but what they make:
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your Compassion; but your Scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with Tears to pity you;
I for your Pity with this Passion sue.
Bruce. My Pity! tell me what can be the Grief,
That from the Miserable hopes Relief!

Aurel. Before you know this Grief, you feel the Pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:
Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No Mortal can resist that double Fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave Heart,
On poor *Aurelia's* you reveng'd the smart:
Whilst you in vain did seek those Wounds to cure,
With Patience, I their Torture did endure.

Bruce. My Happiness has been so long conceal'd,
That it becomes my Misery reveal'd:
That which should prove my Joy, now proves my Grief;
And that brings Pain, which known, had brought Relief.

Aurelia, why would you not let me know,
Whilst I had power to pay the Debt I owe?
'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'll do,
I'll sigh away the Breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have power to grant me an grave;
'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my Flame seek not to warm your Breast,
But beg my Ashes in your Urn may Rest.

For since *Graciana's* Loss you scorn'd to love,
I am resolv'd I'll not your Death survive.

Bruce. Hold, you too generous are, yet I may live
Heav'n for your sake may grant me a Reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no! Heav'n has decreed, alas! that we
Should in our Fates not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend my Rashness I too late repent;
I ne'er thought Death till now a Punishment.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of Death! that very Sound

Once more will give my Heart a mortal Wound;
Here on my Knees I've sinn'd I must confess
Against your Love, and my own Happiness;
I, like the Child, whose Folly proves his Loss,
Refus'd the Gold, and did accept the Cross.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufort* made so good a choice,
His Virtue's such he has his Rival's Voice;
Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
VVorthy to be the Centre of your Love.

Grac. You to another would such Virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your self does only live.
If to the most deserving I am due,
He must resign his weaker Claim to you.

Bruce. This is but Flattery; for I'm sure you can
Think none so worthy as that gen'rous Man.
By Honour you are his.

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous Passion owe;
You bleed for me; and if for me you dye,
Your Loss I'll mourn with vow'd Virginity.

Bruce. Can you be mindful of so small a Debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget?
That will not Honour but Injustice be;
Honour with Justice always does agree.

This generous Pity which for me you show,
Is more than you to my Misfortunes owe;
These Tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,
O're-prize the Blood which I for you have bled.

But now I can no more ———
My Spirits faint within my VVearied Breast.

Levis. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest.
VWho waits?

VWith Care convey him to his Bed.

Bruce. Hold ———
Dearest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

Levis. Brave Man! the wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
For Matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.

Grac. How strangely is my Soul perplex'd by Fate,
The Man I love, I must pretend to hate!
And with dissembled Scorn his Presence fly,
VVhose Absence is my greatest Misery!

Enter Beaufort.
Beauf. Hear me, upon my Knees I beg you'll hear.
 She's gone. [*Exit* Graciana.

There was no need, false VWoman, to encrease
 My Misery with hopes of Happiness.
 This Scorn at first had to my Love and me
 But Justice been; now it is Cruelty.
 VWas there no way his Constancy to prove.
 But by your own Inconstancy in Love?
 To try another's Virtue cou'd you be,
 Graciana, to your own an Enemy?
 Sure, 'tis but Passion which she thus does vent,
 Blown up with Anger and with Discontent,
 Because my Honour disobey'd her VVill,
 And Bruce for love of her his Blood did spill.
 I once more in her Eyes will read my Fate;
 I need no VVound to kill me if she hate.

SCENE II.

Enter Cully drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him playing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of Boys hollowing, and persecuting him.

Cal. Villains, Sons of unknown Fathers,
 Tempt me no more. [*The Boys hunt at him, he draws his Sword.*
 I will make a young Generation of Cripples,
 To succeed in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and *Covent-Garden*.
 The barbarous breeding of these *London-Boys*! [*Fright: the Boys away.*
Boy that leads the Cymbal. Whither do you intend to go, Sir?
Cal. To see the wealthy VVidow, Mrs. Rick.
Boy. Where does she dwell, Sir?
Cal. Hereabouts; enquire, I will Serenade her
 At Noon-Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Widow and her Maid Betty.

Wid. Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl?
 H'as done me good Service.
Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam,
 Made him drunk, and laid him to sleep among
 His empty Casks.

Wid. Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his Imprisonment;
Betty, you use your Servant too severely.

[*The Cymbal plays without.*
 Hark,

Hark, what ridiculous Noise is that? *Heaven's my Teeth an edge.*
VVorle than the scraping of Treachers.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken Fellow, with a Cymbal before him
And his Sword in his hand is press'd into your Home.

Enter Cully and Cymbal. The Women enter.

Cull. Sirrah play me a bawdy Tune, to please the VVidow.
Have at thee VVidow.

Betty. 'Tis one of *Oliver's Knights*, Madam,
Sir *Nicholas Cully*; his Mother was my Grandmother's
Dairy-Maid.

Enter Servants; they lay hands on Cully, and take away his Sword.

Cull. Let me go; I am not so drunk but I can manage
Without your help, Gentlemen.
Widow, here is Musick; send for a Parson,
And we will dance *Barnaby* within this
Half hour.

Wid. I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Cull. Ha! 'st a mind to see me beat him? Now those Rogues dread me!
Did not *Whedde* tell thee upon what Conditions
I wou'd defend to make thee my Bed-fellow?
Widow, speak?

Wid. This is some drunken Mistake; away with him,
Thrust him out of door.

Enter a Servant; Clashing of Swords and Noise without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir *Frederick*.

Wid. What's the matter?

Serv. He's fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs,
That wou'd arrest him at the Door.

Wid. Haste every one, and rescue him quickly.

Cul. Widow, come back; I say, VVidow;
I will not stir one Foot after thee:
Come back, I say, VVidow.

Enter Dufoy.

Dufoy. Vat de diablé be de matrè? here is de ver
Strange Varke in dis house; de Vemen dey do
Cry, ha, ha, ha; de Men dey do run, dey do
Take de Barton, de Dung-Vorké, and de Vire-Vorké
Vat is here, Van kille?

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed: here you are lock'd up,
While your poor Master is arrested, and dragg'd away
By unmerciful Bailiffs.

Dufoy. My Matrè? Jernie! Metres Bet, letté me go:

Begar

Beggar I will kill allé de Bogre
De Baillié, and recover my Maître. Bogre de Baillié.

Betty. So make all the haste you can, [She helps him out of the Tub.

Dawny. Morbleu! Bogre de Baillié!

I vil go prepare to kill a thousand Baillié,

Begar: Bogre the Baillié.

[Exit.

Enter the Widow and Servant, severally.

Wid. Well, what News?

Serv. Madam, they have arrested him upon an
Execution for Two hundred Pounds, and carried
Him to a Bayliff's House, hard by.

Wid. If that be all, Betty, take my Key, and give him
The Money in Gold; do you content the Bayliff;
But let Sir Frederick know nothing of it;
And then let them bring him to my House,
As their Pris'ner: Dispatch.

[Exeunt Betty and Servant.

Enter a Foot-Boy.

Foot-B. Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman
Mis'led by Drink?

Wid. There lies the Beast you look for;
You had best remove him quickly,
O I shall cause him to be put into the Pound.

[Ex. Widow.

Foot-B. If I do not get this Fool clear off before he
Comes to himself, our Plot is quite spoil'd:

This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over
My shivering Limbs next Winter.

Yonder sits honest Palmer, my poor Master,
In a Coach, quaking for fear; all that
See him in that Reverend Disguise,
Will swear he has got the Palsie.

Ho, Sir Nick! lar.

[Calls him,

Cul. I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widow's
Health, before I go.

Foot-B. The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her
To the Exchange.

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate;
I am not drunk enough to be seen in her Company.

Foot-B. I must carry him away upon my back: but
Since things may go ill, 'tis good to make sure
Of something: I'll examine his Pockets first:
So, for this I thank my own Ingenuity;
In this VVay of plain Dealing, I can live without
The Help of my Master.

[Enter a Servant.

Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my Barden?

Serv.

Serv. I'm sure your Master has his Load already.

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my Musique?

Enter Sir Frederick with the Bayliffs, who are Fiddlers disguis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one Door, and the Widow at another.

Boy. There is no Hope now;
I'll shift for my self.

[Exit Boy.]

Sir Fred. Widow, these are old Acquaintance of mine,
Bid them welcome: I was coming
To wait upon you before; but meeting
Them by the way, they press me to drink—

[Cully recalls against Sir Frederick.]

Cul. Sir Frederick! Widow, bid him welcome;
He is a very good Friend of mine, and as mad a Fellow as my self.
Kiss, kiss the Widow, Man; she has a plump
Under-Lip, and kisses smartly.

Sir Fred. What's here? Cully drunk, transform'd into a Gallant,
And acquainted with the Spring and Proportion
Of the Widow's Lips?

Cul. I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not, Widow?
I scorn to be soberer than your self, I will drink with you,
Swear with you, break Windows with you,
And so forth.

Sir Fred. Widow, Is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no Exception against him, I hope;
He has challenged you at your own VVeapons.

Cul. Widow, Sir Frederick shall be one of our Bride-Men;
I will have none but such mad Fellows at our VVedding;
But before I marry thee I will consider upon it. [He sits down and sleeps.]

Sir Fred. Pray, VVidow, how long have you been acquainted
With this Mirrour of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir Fred. VVhat, you intend me for a Reserve then?

You will have two Strings to your Bow, VVidow;
I perceive your Cunning; and Faith, I think, I shall
Do you the heartier Service, if thou employ'st me by the bye.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; shake off
These lousie Companions; Come, carry your Mistress
To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-Garden,
This glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. Widow, I am a Man of Business,
That Ceremony's to be perform'd by idle Fellows.

Wid. VVhat wou'd you give to such a Friend as shou'd dispatch

This

This business now, and make you one of those idle Fellows;

Sir Fred. Faith, pick and chuse; I carry all my wealth about Me; do it, and I am all at thy service, VVidow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at liberty, And a leg now will satisfie me.

Sir Fred. Good Faith, thou art too reasonable, dear Widow; Modesty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you satisfi'd?

Fid. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.

Dufoy. Vare are de bougre de Baylié?

Tetibleu, bougre Rogue.

[He falls upon the Fiddlers.]

Fid. Help, help, Sir Frederick, murder! alas, Sir, we Are not Bayliffs: you may see we are men of an honest

Vocation,

[They shew their Instruments.]

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, thou mighty Man at Arms,

Dufoy. Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Matré at liberty? play

Me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Englishé, quicklie,

Or I will make you all dance

Vidout your Fiddle; quike.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive.

[Dufoy dances a jig.]

Sir Fred. Kind Widow, thank thee for this release. *[Shakes his Pockets.]*

Laugh, Widow; ha, ha, ha: where is your counterplot, VVidow?

Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, Dufoy. Come,

Be not so melancholy; we'll to the Park:

I care not if I spend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and

Cheestakes. Pish, VVidow, why so much out of humour?

'Tis no shame to love such a likely

Young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almost find in my heart to punish my self,

To afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sott I never

Saw before.

Sir Fred. How came he hither?

Wid. Enquire elsewhere; I will not answer thee one

Question; nor let thee see me out of a Mask any more

This Fortnight.

Sir Fred. Go, go into thy Clofet, look over thy old Receipts,

And talk wantonly now and then with thy Chambermaid;

I shall not trouble thee much till this is spent;

[Shakes his Pockets.]

And by that time thy foolish Vow will be near over.

Wid. I want patience to endure this insolence.

Is my Charity rewarded thus? Is no more than has, with a grateful heart

Sir Fred. Pious Widow, call you this Charity? It will get

Thee little hereafter, y^e thou must answer for every sin

It occasions: Here is Wine and Women

In abundance. [Shakes his Pockets.

Wid. Avoid my House, and never more come near me.

Sir Fred. But hark you, hark you, VVidow, do you think

This can last always?

Wid. Ungrateful Man! [Exit Widow.

Sir Fred. She's gone; impatience for these two hours

Possess her, and then I shall be pretty well

Revenge'd.

Dufey. Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful

Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

Sir Fred. Dufey, thou art a Man of Courage, and hast done

Bravely: I will cast off this Suit a VWeek sooner than

I intended, to reward thy service.

Dufey. Begar I have Federal time given you ver

Dangerous testimonies of my affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Dufey in his arms.

Sir Fred. VVhither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach,

Very like my Lord Bevil,

Whom hearing what a condition Sir Nicklas was in,

Desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

Cal. Let me go, where is the VVidow?

Sir Fred. VVhat VVidow?

Cal. Mistress Rich; she is to be

My VVife.

Sir Fred. But do you hear, Sir Nicklas? how long have you

Courted this VVidow?

Cal. Mr. Wheddle can tell you: trouble me not with idle

Questions, Sir. Enter Rich.

You shall be welcome at any time; she loves Men

That will roar, and drink, and Serenade her,

Sir Fred. This is some strange mistake; sure Wheddle intending

To chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit VVidow;

And he being drunk, has been misguided to the true

VVidows House. The Fellow in the Coach may

Discover all; I will step and see who it is.

Hold him here; Dufey, till I return: Gentlemen,

Come you with me. [Exit Sir Frederick and Dufey.

Cal. VVhere is my Mistress?

Dufey. Vat Metres?

Cul. The Widow.

Dufoy. She be de Metres of my Matré.

Cul. You lye, Sirrah.

Dufoy. Begar you be de Jackanape to tellé
Me I do lyea.

Cul. You are a French Rascal, and I will blow

Your nose without a Handkerchief. — [*He pulls Dufoy by the nose.*]

Dufoy. Helpé, helpé me; Monbleu, I vil beat you vid my fisté

And my footé, tellé you aské me de pardon; take

Dat and daté; aské me de pardon.

Cul. I ask you pardon, Sirrah?

Dufoy. Sirrah? Tettiblen.

Enter Sir Frederick and Fiddlers, leading in Palmer trembling.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Dufoy.*

Dufoy. Begar he do merite to be beate; he swaré he vil

Marre youré Metres.

Palm. I beseech you, *Sir Frederick.*

Cul. My Lord Bevil!

Sir Fred. So, he takes him for my Lord Bevil.

Now the Plot will out.

'Tis fir this Rascal thou'd be cheated;

But these Rogues will deal too

Unmercifully with him: I'll take compassion upon

Him, and use him more favourably my self.

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Sister?

[*Sir Frederick pulls off Palmer's disguise.*]

Sir Fred. Look you, *Sir Nicholas*, where is my Lord Bevil

Now?

Cul. My merry Country-man, Mr. Palmer! I thought you had

Been in Buckinghamshire.

[*Sings.*]

And he took her by the Apron,

To bring her to his back,

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man!

Sir Frederick. I owe this Gentleman a thousand Pounds.

Sir Fred. How so?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, *Whandle* went my half;

And we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir Fred. This was the roguery you had been about the other

Night, when I met you in disguise, *Palmer.*

You'll never leave your cheating and your robbing,

How many Robberies do I know

Of your committing?

Palm. The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me;
But you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Ingenuity.

Sir Fred. This will not pass a Judgment; it is not
Produce the Judgment.

Palm. Alas, Sir! Mr. *Whindle* has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palm. Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal:
Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is entered.

Sir Fred. Who is this counterfeit VVidow? confess.

Palm. Truly 'twas *Whindle's* contrivance; a Pox on him:
Never any good comes on't when men are so unconscionable
In their Dealings.

Cul. VVhat am I cheated, Sir *Frederick*? Sirrah,
I will have you hang'd.

Sir Fred. Speak, who is this VVidow?

Palm. 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Whindle's* Mistress, whom he has plac'd
In my Lady *Danvers's* House: I am but a poor Instrument,
Usur'd by that Rascal.

Sir Fred. You see, Sir *Nicholas*, what Villains these are; they have
Cheated you of a Thousand Pounds, and would have married
You to a VVench, had I not discover'd their Villany.

Cul. I am beholding to you, Sir *Frederick*, they are Rogues,
and these Rogues: But where's the VVidow?

Sir Fred. VVhy, you saw the true VVidow here a little while
Ago.

Cul. The truth is, methought she was something comlier
Than my Mistress: But will not this VVidow
Marry me?

Sir Fred. She is my Mistress.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir Fred. VVell, I have discover'd this Cheat, kept you from
Marrying a VVench, and will save you a thousand Pounds too.
Now, if you have a mind to marry, what think you of my Sister?
She is a plain brown Girl, and has a good Portion;
But not out Twenty Thousand Pound: This Offer proves
I have a perfect Kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman;
I will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir Fred. Come then, I'll carry you where.

You may see her, and ask her Consent.
Palmer, you must go along with us.

And by the way assign this Judgment over to me.
Do you guard him, Gentlemen.

For the Fiddlers

Sir

Sir Fred. Come, Sir Nicklaus,

Out. How came I hither?

Sir Fred. You will be satisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What curd accident was this? what

Mischievous Stars have the managing

Of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my heart

Like an after-game at Irish!

Dufey. Alon marché, Shentelmen meté;

Marché: You make de mouthé of

De honest Shentelmen: begar you vil make de

Wry mouthé ven you be hangé.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Scene, A Garden.

Enter Graciana and Leticia severally; Leticia with a Noddy

Grac. Leticia, what hast thou been doing here?

Let. Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.

Grac. How innocently dost thou spend thy hours,

Selecting from the crowd the choicest Flowers!

Where is thy Mistress?

Let. Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.

Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there

With thy sweet Voice refresh my wearied Soul. [They walk into an Arbour.]

SONG.

Adieu, though to your Conqu'ring Eyes [Let. sings.]

Love owes his chiefest Victories,

And borrows those bright Arms from youth

Which he does the World subdue.

Yet you your selves are not above

The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,

Lest Love on you revenge their Pain;

You are not free because y're fair;

The Boy did not his Mother spare,

Beauty's but an offensive dart;

It is no Armour for the heart.

Grac.

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident;
I oft to thee have breath'd my discontent;
And thy sweet Voice as oft has eas'd my care;
But now thy breath is like infectious Air.

Enter Beaufort.

It feeds the secret cause of my distaste;
And does enrage what it did use to appease.

Beauf. starting. Hark, that was *Graciana's* Voice.

Grac. Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way:
I will conceal my self within this Bower: She may
The secret causes of my grief betray.

SCENE III

Beaufort goes into an Arbour, and Graciana and Leticia come

upon the Stage.

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I pursue;
Sure something from me to my Love is due:
Within these private shades for him I'll mourn,
Whom I in publick am oblig'd to scorn.

Leticia. Why shou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your grief?
Love never yet in sorrow found relief:
These Sighs, like Northern Winds to the early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I despise:
Would you have me preserve these fatal eyes?

Leticia. Had you less beauteous been, y^e ad known less care:
Ladies are happiest moderately fair:
But now shou'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Cou'd you the debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. *Beaufort*, didst thou but know I weep for thee
Thou wou'dst not blame my scorn, but pity me.

Leticia. When Honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line:
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Lest to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in honour ought to do:
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true:
And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride;
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide:
But if for love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.
Oh, *Beaufort*!

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana*! here am I:
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an ecstasie.

Grac.

Grac. We are surpriz'd; unlucky accident!
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[Exeunt Graciana and Leticia lightly.]

Beaufort enters.

Beauf. *Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joins with Love to be my Friend;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death; the wound
By abler Chir'gions is not mortal found.
She will not stay.
My Joys, like Waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down whate're their usual streams withstood.

[Exit Beaufort.]

SCENE IV.

Scene, My Lady *Dawbrel's* House.

Enter Wheadle and Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
Nor *Palmer*, —
Fortune still crosses the industrious, Gilt
When we recover him you must begin
To lie at a little opener ward;
'Tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at bay,
Left some old VWood-man drop in by chance,
And discover thou art but a rascal Deer.
I have counterfeited half a dozen Mortgages,
A dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all;
That will satisfy him in thy Estate:
He has sent into the Country for his
VVritings:
But see, here he comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich'las, I must chide you, indeed I must;
You neglect your duty here: Nay, Madam, never
Blush; Faith I'll reveal all. Y're the happiest,
The luckiest Man —

Enter Sir Frederick.

W're betray'd; Death, what makes him here?

Sir Frederick, your humble Servant; y're come

[To Sir Frederick.]

In the luckiest time for mirth; will you but lend

Me your Ear? do not you see *Sir Nich'las* and *Grace*?

Yonder? look, look.

Sir Fred. Yes.

Whead. I am persuading him to keep him, he's a pretty

Deserving.

Deserving Girl; 'faith let us draw off a while,
And laugh among our selves, for fear of spoiling
The poor Wenches market: let us, let us.

Sir Fred. VVith all my heart.

Bayliffs meet VVheadle at the door, and Arrest him.

Bayliffs. VVe arrest you, Sir.

Whoad. Arrest me? *Sir Frederick, Sir Nicholas.*

Sir Fred. VVe are not provided for a Rescue at present, Sir.

Whoad. At whose Suit?

Bayliffs. At *Sir Frederick Frolick's.*

Whoad. *Sir Frederick Frolick's?* I owe him never a farthing.

Sir Fred. Y^e are mistaken, Sir; you owe me a thousand pounds:

Look you, do you know *Mr. Palmer's* hand?

He has assign'd such a small debt over to me.

Enter Palmer and Jenny.

Whoad. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a Villain!

Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, *Palmer.*

Palm. Oh thou unconscionable *Whoadle*; a thousand pounds

Was too small a bubble!

Sir Fred. Away with him, away with him.

Whoad. Nay, *Sir Frederick*, 'tis punishment enough to fall

From my expectation:

Do not ruine a young man.

Grac. I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou hast mov'd me, *Grace*;

Do not tremble, Chuck; I love thy profection too well

To harm thee.

Look you, Sir, what think you of a rich Widow? [*Proffering him the Whore.*]

Was there no Lady to abuse, *Whoadle*, but my Mistress?

No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, *Sir Nich'lau*?

But let this pass; *Sir Nich'lau* is satisfi'd; take *Grace*.

Here, marry her, we are all satisfi'd:

She's a pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now

In earnest; I'll give her a thousand pounds.

Whoad. Pray, Sir, do but consider —

Sir Fred. No consideration; dispatch, or

To Limbo.

Whoad. Was there ever such a Dilemma? I shall rot in Prison,

Come hither, *Grace*; I did but make bold, like a young Heir,

With his Estate, before it come into his hands:

Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Pasty,

[*Stroaking her Belly.*]

When we first cut it up, should have been preserv'd

For my Wedding Feast.

Sir Nich. You are the happiest, the luckiest man, *Mr. Whoadle.*

Palm.

Palm. Much Joy, *Mr. Whedle*, with your rich Widow.

Whed. Sir *Frederick*, Shall that Rogue, *Palmer*, laugh at me?

Sir Fred. No, no; *Jenny*, Come hither; I'll make thee amends,
As well as thy Mistress, for the Injury I did thee
Th' other Night:

Here's a Husband for thee too:

Mr. Palmer, where are you?

Palm. Alas, Sir *Frederick*, I am not able
To maintain her!

Sir Fred. She shall maintain you, Sir,
Do not you understand the Mystery of *Striponis*,
Jenny?

Maid. I know how to make *Democnana*, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou art richly endow'd, i' faith: Here, here, *Palmer*;
No shall I, shall I: This or that, which
You deserve better.

Palm. This is but a short Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my Destiny.

Sir Fred. Sir *Nicholas*, now we must haste to a better
Solemnity; My Sister expects us.

Gentlemen, meet us at the *Rose*; I'll bestow a Wedding
Dinner upon you, and there release your Judgment,
Mr. Whedle.

Bayliffs, wait upon them thither.

Sir Nick. I wish you much Joy with your fair Brides,
Gentlemen.

Whed. A Pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.

Palm. A Pox on your rich Widow, *Whedle*:
Come, Spouse, Come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

*Enter Lord Bevil, Bruce led in, Lovis, Beaufort, Graciana
and Aurelia.*

Bruce. *Graciana*, I have lost my Claim to you,
And now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* due;
She all this while, within her tender Breast,
The Flame of *Love* has carefully suppress'd,
Courting for me, and striving to destroy
Her own Contentment to advance my Joy.

Aurel. I did no more than Honour press'd me to;
I wish I'd woo'd successfully for you.

R

Bruce.

Bruce. You to excel in Honour and in Love,
You both my Shame and Admiration move.
Aurelia. Here, accept that Life from me,
Which Heav'n so kindly has preserv'd for thee.
My Lord, I hope you will my Choice allow,
And with your Approbation seal our Vow. [To L. Bevil]

Bevil. In gen'rous Minds this to the World will prove,
That Gratitude has Pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, Impiety in me,
Not to approve that which the Heav'n's decree.

Bruce. *Graciana*, on my gen'rous Rival you
Must now bestow what to his Merit's due.

Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your Claim decline,
To him with Honour I my Heart resign.

Beauf. Such Honour and such Love, as you have shown,
Are not in the Records of Virtue shown.
My Lord, you must assist us here once more;
The God of Love does your Consent implore. [To L. Bevil]

Bev. May Love in you still feed your mutual Fire. [Turning their Heads]

Beauf. And may that Flame but with our Breaths expire.

Louis. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an End;
You are not *Bruce's* Rival, but his Friend.

Beauf. In this brave strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active Flames of our aspiring Love.

Bruce. Dear Friend, thy Merits Fame cannot express.

Louis. They are rewarded in your Happiness.

Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I rest;
Let's breathe our Joys into each others Breast:
Thus Mariners rejoyce when Winds decrease,
And falling Waves seem wearied into Peace.

*Enter Sir Frederick and Dufoy at one Door, and the Widow
and Betty at another.*

Sir Fred. Haste, *Dufoy*, perform what I commanded
You.

Dufoy. I vil be ver quick beger; I am more den half de
Mercurik.

Sir Fred. Ho, Widow, the Noise of these Nuptials brought
You hither; I perceive your Mouth waters.

Wid. Were I in a longing Condition, I should be apt
Enough to put my self upon you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and wou'dst
Fain marry me in Revenge; but so long as I have
These Guardian Angels about me, I desie thee,
And

And all thy Charms: Do skillful Foulknors thus
Reward their Hawks before they fly the Quarry?

Wid. When your Gorge is empty, you'll come
To the Lure again.

Sir Fred. After I have had a little more Experience
Of the Vanity of this World, in a melancholy humour
I may be careless of my self.

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has
Had no less experience of that Vanity.

Sir Fred. Widow, I profess the contrary; I would not have the
Sin to answer for, of debauching any from such
Worthy Principles: Let me see, if I should be
Good natur'd now, and consent to give thee a Title
To thy own Wealth again, you would be stubborn,
And not esteem the Favour, Widow.

Wid. Is it possible you can have thoughts of Gratitude?
Do you imagine me so Foolish as your self,
VVho often venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable
Parcel?

Sir Fred. I told you how 'twould be, VVidow.
Lest Providence attend thee, else I shall do no good upon thee:
Farewel.

Wid. Stay, Sir; let us shake hands at parting.

Sir Fred. Nay if thou once art acquainted with my Constitution,
Thou'lt never let me go; Widow, here,
Examine, examine.

[Holding out his hand.]

Bevil. Sister, I long have known your Inclinations;
Give me leave to serve you. 'Sir Frederick, here,
Take her, and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family,
I hope you will let my Maids go quietly about
Their business, Sir?

Sir Fred. Upon Condition there be no twits of
The Good Man departed; no Prescription pleaded
For evil Customs on the wedding Night.
Widow, what old doings will be anon!
I have coupled no less than Pair-Royal my self.
This day, my Lord, I hope you'll excuse the Liberty
I have taken to send for them; the fight will much
Encrease your mirth this Joyful Day.

L. Bev. I should have blam'd you, Sir, if you had
Restrain'd your Humour here.
These must needs be pleasant Matches that are of his
Making.

Enter Dufoy.

Sir Fred. What, are they come?

Dufoy. Dey be all at the Dooré, begar; every Man vid his Pret Metres, Brid, Whore.

Entré, Jentlemen, vid your Lady, entré vid your Great Fortuné: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sir Nicholas and his Bride, Wheadle and his Bride, Palmer and his Bride.

Sir Nich. Brother, do you see how sneakingly *Wheadle* looks Yonder with his rich Widow?

Wid. Brother! is this Fellow your Brother?

Sir Nich. Ay, that I am.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Sir Nicholas*.

Sir Nicholas. Did not I marry your Sister, *Sir*?

Sir Fred. Fie, fie, *Sir Nich's*; I thought y'd been A modester Man.

Sir Nich. Is my Wife no kin to you, *Sir*?

Sir Fred. Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir may, If it prove so. * Joy be with thee old Acquaintance. [*To Lucy.*

Widow, resolving to lead a virtuous Life,

And keep house altogether with thee,

I have dispos'd of my own Household-stuff,

My dear Mrs. *Lucy*, to this Gentleman.

Wheadle and Palm. We wish you Joy with your fair Bride,

Sir Nich's.

Sir Nich. I will go and complain, and have you all clap'd up For a Plot immediately.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Sir Nich's*, there are certain

Catch-poles without: you cannot scape,

Without y'ave a thousand Pounds in your

Pocket: Carry her into the Country, come;

Your Neighbours Wives will visit her, and vow

She's a virtuous well-bred Lady:

And, give her her due, 'faith she was a very

Honest Wench to me, and I believe will make a very

Honest Wife to you.

Sir Nich. If I discover this I am lost; I shall be ridiculous Even to our own Party.

Sir Fred. You are in the right: Come, take her,

Make much of her, she shall save you

A Thousand Pounds.

Sir Nich. Well, *Lucy*, if thou canst but deceive my

Old Mother, and my Neighbours in the Country,

I shall bear my Fortune patiently.

Sir

LOVE in a TUB.

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Sir Fred. I'll warrant you, Sir, Women so skill'd in Vice
Can dissemble Virtue.

Dufey. Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentlemen;
Begar you vil find them ver civil.

Sir Fred. *Dufey*, I had almost forgot thee.

Dufey. Begar my merit is ver seldom in your
Memorie.

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy Services; here,
Enjoy thy Mistres.

Dufey. Ver vel, begar; you will give me two tree oldé
Gowné vor all my diligence.

Betty. Marry come up! Is that a despicable Portion
For your greasie Pantaloons?

Dufey. Peace, peace, Metres *Be*; ve vil be ver good
Friend upon Occasion; but ve vil no marrié:
Dat be ver much better, begar.

Sir Fred. Did you bring the Bailiffs with you?

Dufey. Dey be vidout: Begar, Shentlemen, you have biao
Made ver sad; and you shall now be made ver mer
Vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bailiffs!
I durst have sworn false Dice might as soon have
Pas'd upon me.

Sir Fred. Bid them strike up, we will have a Dance,
Widow, to divert these melancholy Gentlemen.

[*They Dance.*]

L. Bevil. *Sir Frederick*, You shall command my House this Day;

[*After the Dance.*]

Make all those welcome that are pleas'd to stay.

Sir Fred. *Sir Nicholas*, and *Mr. Wheadle*, I release you both
Of your Judgement, and will give it under
My hand at any Time.

VVidow, for all these bloody Preparations,
There will be no great Massacre of Maiden-Heads
Among us here.

Anon I will make you all laugh with the Occasion
Of these VVeddings.

On what small Accidents depends our Fate,

VVhilst Chance, not Prudence, makes us Fortunate.

THE

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

SIR Frederick, now I am reveng'd on you,
For all your Frollick Wit, y' are couzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may
Supply his Wants, and not your Trust betray.

Spoke by Wheadle.

Poor Wheadle hopes h'as gi'n you all content;
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant:
If y' are displeas'd we're all gross-bits to day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.

THE EPILOGUE.

Like Pris'ners, conscious of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Authour, between Hope and Fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil than in former Days;
Few now, in Publick, hiss or rail at Plays;
He bid me therefore mind your Looks with Care,
And told me I should read your Sentence there;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot guess
By this first View what is the Play's Success;
Nor shall I ease the Authour of his Fear,
Till twice or thrice, at least, I've seen you here.

FINIS.